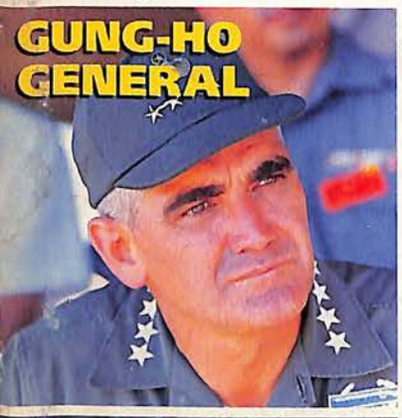
SIDNEY POITIER'S LONELY OSCAR ▪ HOPE DIAMOND: 45-CARAT CURSE

Memories

The Magazine of Then and Now

April/May 1989 $1.95 £1.50



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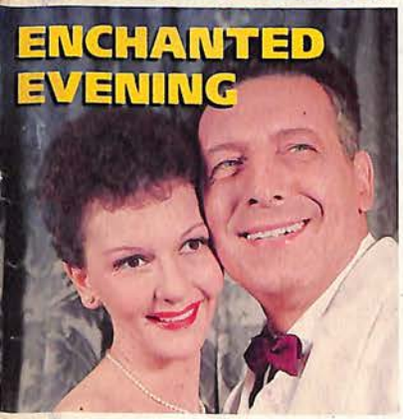

ENCHANTED EVENING

TRIUMPHANT TAIL FIN

FUN

RITA HAYWORTH

The Pin-Up Who Became A Princess

Abe Fortas:

Heroes:
The Mercury Astronauts

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Memories

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER TWO, APRIL/MAY 1989

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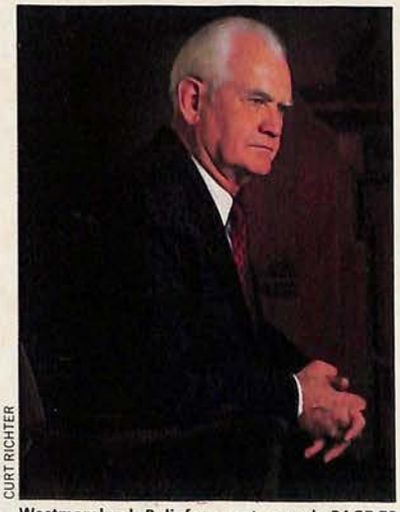

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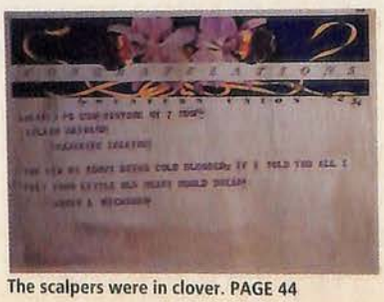

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FROM THE EDITOR By Carey Winfrey

Friendly Persuasion

One of the best things about working on a magazine is that you're always learning something new. I just learned, for example, that Senior Editor Maureen McFadden used to appear, back in the early 60's, on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*, the original rock-and-roll television dance program. When I told her I might like to report that particular tidbit in this space, her reaction was typical Maureen:

"Oh no!" she said. "The nuns will find out!"

Not to worry. I'm sure that the nuns who drilled Maureen in grammar and multiplication back in suburban Philadelphia would be just as proud of her as we are, her crush on Fabian, Frankie Avalon and Bobby Rydell notwithstanding. She is a font of ideas, a good writer, a tenacious reporter and an exacting editor. More to the nuns' concern, she's a person of absolute integrity and highest standards. She's also fun to have around.

Maureen came to MEMORIES more than a year and a half ago, when the magazine was still only a gleam in our collective eye, and played an enormous part in its creation. In addition to single-handedly inventing two of our most popular features—"Indelible Images" and "Film Festival"—she spent weeks with a phone glued to her ear, extracting telling nuggets from the celebrated as well as the barely remembered. Except for a brief hiatus while we all breathlessly awaited your response to our Premier issue (overwhelming, I'm happy to say), she has been here ever since.

She is one of the most persuasive people I've ever met. Her technique blends empathy, imagination and charm with the unstated suggestion that if you don't do *exactly* what she asks of you, dire consequences will surely follow. At her bidding, former Presidential candidate George Romney wrote to explain (four pages, longhand) why he said he'd been "brainwashed" on a fact-finding visit to Vietnam (thereby eliminating himself from the 1968 race). For one particularly indelible image, she played telephone tag with an undercover policeman she knew only as "Doughnut."

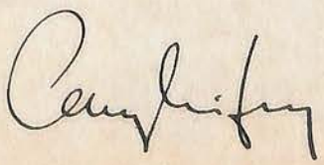
On the day Kirk Douglas came to town to sign copies of his autobiography, Maureen bought *two*, in order to have twice as much time to talk him into writing for us. She used more conventional means—cajolery and threat—to persuade two very reluctant luminaries—Audrey Hepburn and Robert Mitchum—to do the same. For our piece in this issue about black actors ["Poitier's Lonely Oscar," page 66], she buttonholed Lou Gossett at a Manhattan restaurant for an interview his publicist had said he wouldn't give.

And when it was over, he thanked *her*.

I know exactly how he felt.

Maureen McFadden: Telephone tag with "Doughnut."

ELENI MYLONAS



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GEORGE LUCAS
Chairman
Lucasfilm Ltd.
THOMAS DOWNEY HIGH SCHOOL, MODESTO, CALIF. 1962
History

T. BOONE PICKENS
President, Chairman
Mesa Ltd. Partnership
AMARILLO HIGH SCHOOL, AMARILLO, TEX. 1947
Varsity Basketball

DONALD JOHN TRUMP
President
The Trump Organization
NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY, CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N.Y. 1964
"D.T." Jamaica, N.Y. Entered 1959. Military Rank Achieved: Private, Company F, 1960; Corporal, '61; Sergeant, Co. D, '62; Supply Sergeant, Co. E, '63; Captain, S-4, Senior Staff. Athletics: Varsity Baseball, '62-'64; Varsity Football, '62; Varsity Soccer, '63; Intramural Basketball, '62-'64; Bowling, '62-'64; Softball, '60, '61; Freshman Baseball '60, '61; JV Basketball, '61; JV Football, '60, '61; JV Wrestling, '62; Wright Hall Bowling, '60, '61. Activities: Columbus Day Parade, Commanding Officer, Composite Company, '63; Cadet Council, '63, '64; Honor Guard, Commanding Officer, '63, '64; Fall Hop Committee, '64; Varsity Letterman's Club, '64; Driver Education Club, '63, '64; Hobby and Model Club, '60, '61. Academic Awards and Honors: Proficient Cadet, '62, '63; Honor Cadet, '60, '61, '63, '64. Awards, Medals, and Honors: Neatness and Order Medal, '60, '61; Coach's Award, Baseball, '64. Trophies: Intramural Softball, '61; Basketball, '64; Bowling, '64; Freshman Football, '60, '61. Letters: Varsity Baseball, '62-'64; Varsity Football, '62, '63; Varsity Soccer, '63. Captain's Award, Baseball, '64. Voted Popularity Poll's Class of 1964 Ladies' Man.

DEBBIE SIVYER
President, CEO, COO
Mrs. Fields' Cookies
ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL, ALAMEDA, CALIF. 1974
Homecoming Queen; Junior Class Vice President; Ski Club.

ROSS PEROT
Owner
The Perot Group
TEXAS HIGH SCHOOL, TEXARKANA, TEX. 1947
Yearbook Business Manager

LIDO ANTHONY IACOCCA
Chairman
Chrysler Corp.
ALLENTOWN HIGH SCHOOL, ALLENTOWN, PA. 1942
"Lee"
Engineering and Science
"When you aim high at anything you are sure to hit it."
National Honor Society 3, President 4; Orotan Debating Society 2, 3, 4; Varsity A Club 4; Red Cross Council 4; Latin Club 2, 3, 4; Swimming Team, Manager 3, 4; Junior, Senior and Interclass Play Committee.
Lee is a raconteur extraordinary and not only can he quip with the best, but he can pun with the worst. If knowledge really is power, he is omnipotent. This, together with the ability he has developed in managing and directing school affairs, will prove a great asset in his career of engineering.

MERVYN GRIFFIN
Owner
Merv Griffin Productions
SAN MATEO HIGH SCHOOL, SAN MATEO, CALIF. 1942

STEPHEN JOBS
President
NeXT Inc.
HOMESTEAD HIGH SCHOOL, CUPERTINO, CALIF. 1972

MARVIN DAVIS
Owner
Davis Co.
HORACE MANN SCHOOL FOR BOYS, RIVERDALE, N.Y. 1943
Always willing to argue a point, Marv the suave was wont to drive poor Mr. Blake to tears in English class. His "But, sir" was the signal for *monsieur* to reach for the aspirin. Marvin and his theory of "as little motion as possible" reached the ears of many an awed listener, both in the Speakers' Club, of which he was a member, and on the varsity football bench.

GEORGE LUCAS

T. BOONE PICKENS

DONALD JOHN TRUMP

DEBBIE SIVYER

ROSS PEROT

LIDO ANTHONY IACOCCA

MERVYN GRIFFIN

STEPHEN JOBS

Hi
Fina
Hi

BOOK

MARVIN DAVIS

ROGER SMITH

ROBERT P. TISCH

SHERRY LANSING

WARREN EDWARD BUFFET

SAM WALTON

MALCOLM FORBES

CARL ICAHN

ROGER SMITH
Chairman, CEO
General Motors
DETROIT UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, GROSSE POINTE, MICH. 1942

ROBERT P. TISCH
President, Director, COO
Loews Corp.
ERASMUS HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 1943
Captain, Arch Patrol; Intramural Numerals.

SHERRY LANSING
Producer
Jaffe-Lansing Productions
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL. 1962
Drama Club; Cheerleading Squad Captain; *Midway* staff; Yearbook Co-write-ups Editor; Student Council Committee Chairman—fund drive. "Nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches as to conceive how others can be in want." Swift.

WARREN EDWARD BUFFET
Chairman, CEO
Berkshire Hathaway Inc.
WOODROW WILSON SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D.C. 1947
W. Club; Debate Team; Golf Team. A sportsman . . . basketball and golf the favorites . . . likes math . . . a future stockbroker.

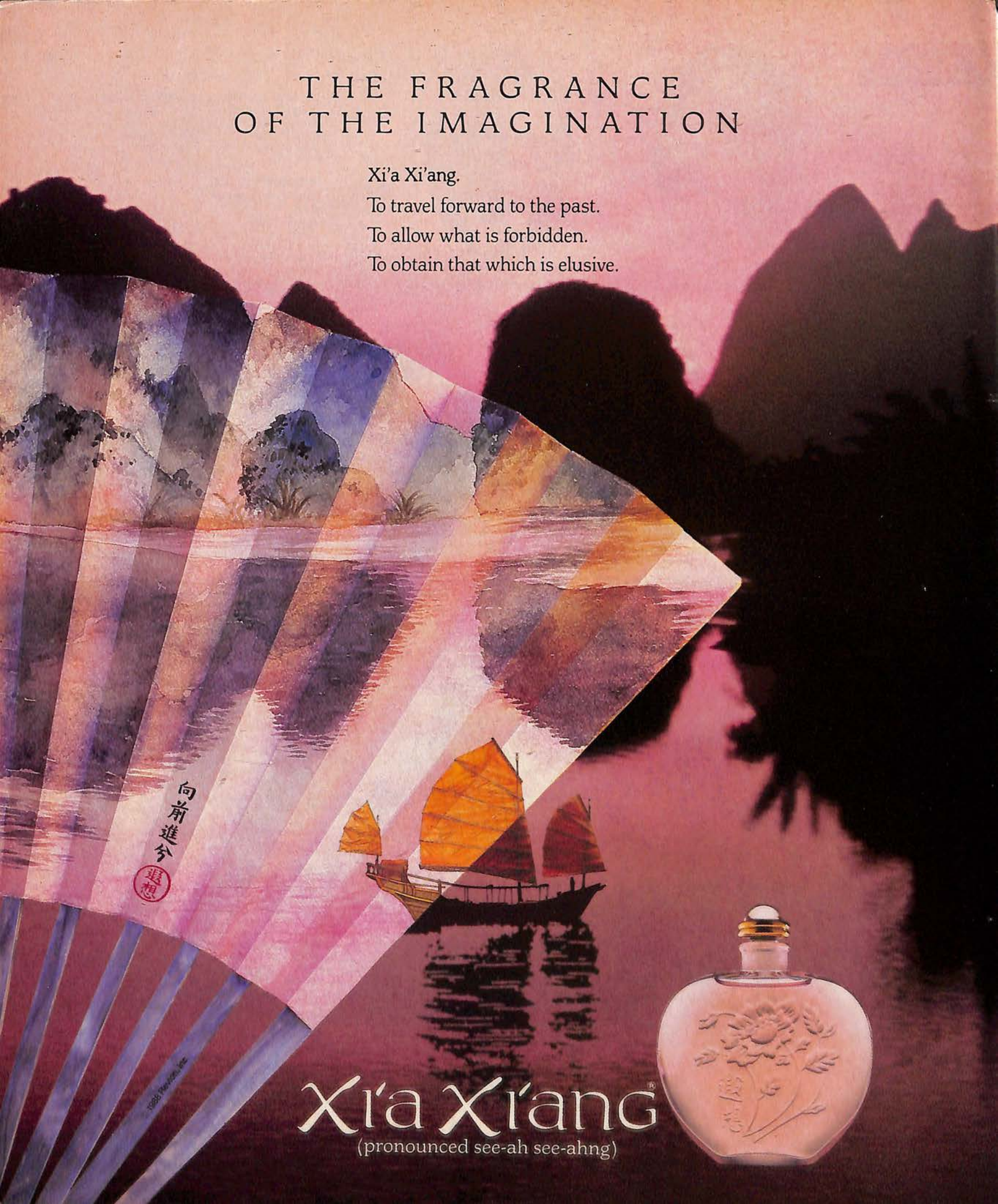
SAM WALTON
Chairman, CEO
Wal-Mart Stores
DAVID HENRY HICKMAN HIGH SCHOOL, COLUMBIA, MO. 1936
Hats off to the President! Executive Student President. . . . Presiding over assemblies is just one of the numerous duties of our president, Sam Walton, affectionately known by his many friends and classmates as "Sammy." In addition to his routine duties, the president serves as our official host at school, and as our representative when away from it. The highest office in our democratic form of government goes to one who earns it by his leadership, service, and ability. Sam Walton has gained this distinction. Most Versatile Boy; Latin '35, '36; Franklin Club '34, '35, '36; Track '34; Torch '35, '36; Library Club '35, '36; Forensic '34, '35; Football '35, '36; Basketball '36; Quill and Scroll '35, '36; Hi-Y '35, '36; Magic Club '34; Class Officer '36.

MALCOLM FORBES
Chairman, Editor-in-Chief
***Forbes* Magazine**
LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL, LAWRENCEVILLE, N.J. 1937
"B.C." "Male" "Sofa" *"That's my Pop!"*
Fountain Road, Englewood, N.J.
Born at New York, N.Y., August 19, 1919
Kennedy Rhinie Representative '35-'36; First Prize in *Time* Magazine Current Events Contest '35-'36, '36-'37; German Prize '36; Essay Prize, Fourth Form, '36; Permanent Member Cum Laude Society; Bibliophiles; Vice President, Herodotus; Pipe and Quill '36-'37; Publications Committee '36-'37; Editor-in-Chief Olla Podrida '36-'37; Editor Kennedy Eagle '35-'36; Lit '36-'37; Kennedy House Debating Team '35-'36; Chairman, Republican Committee, '36-'37; Flag Speaker. Came to Lawrenceville September 1934. Preparing for Princeton. Last year an unobtrusive rhinie entered the vaulted halls of Kennedy and promptly won his first but not last political campaign. B.C. endowed with true political blood was elected rhinie rep, and soon established himself as a humorist, a gentleman, and a scholar. Under his guidance the Kennedy Eagle was nourished from a cheeping eaglet to a powerful bronze ruler of the skies. A permanent Cum Laude member this year . . . B.C. has more than proven his intellectual abilities. But it is as a generous friend that we like him most. His unselfish devotion to this edition of the Olla Podrida is an excellent example of his industry and capability. Even at that, B.C. is no grind. His ability to understand "book larnin" is as deep a mystery as why he persists in wearing "Canal Boats." But for so talented a youth, we forgive nonconformity and high shoes. We have ample guarantee that B.C. will follow in his father's footsteps. We do not shout 'Good Luck' for luck will have no share in in B.C.'s assured future success.

CARL ICAHN
Chairman
Trans World Airlines
FAR ROCKAWAY HIGH SCHOOL, FAR ROCKAWAY, N.Y. 1953
Arista; Vice Pres. of Section; Camera, Chess, Chemistry Clubs; Chat and Dolphin Staff. After graduation: College.

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE IMAGINATION

Xi'a Xi'ang.
To travel forward to the past.
To allow what is forbidden.
To obtain that which is elusive.



Xi'a Xi'ang®
(pronounced see-ah see-ahng)

FILM FESTIVAL

My Fair Lady

By Audrey Hepburn

KOBAL COLLECTION

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB (1951) with Alec Guinness (left) and William Fox. I was in *The Lavender Hill Mob* for 30 seconds. At least I can proudly say I was in a movie with the great Alec Guinness!

CULVER PICTURES

ROMAN HOLIDAY (1953) with Gregory Peck. Shooting this scene took a full day. Twice there was some mishap with the print in the lab, twice we had to reshoot. So for three days I had to eat ice cream nonstop. Needless to say, I was off ice cream for some years after that. *(Hepburn's performance won her an Academy Award for best actress.—Ed.)*

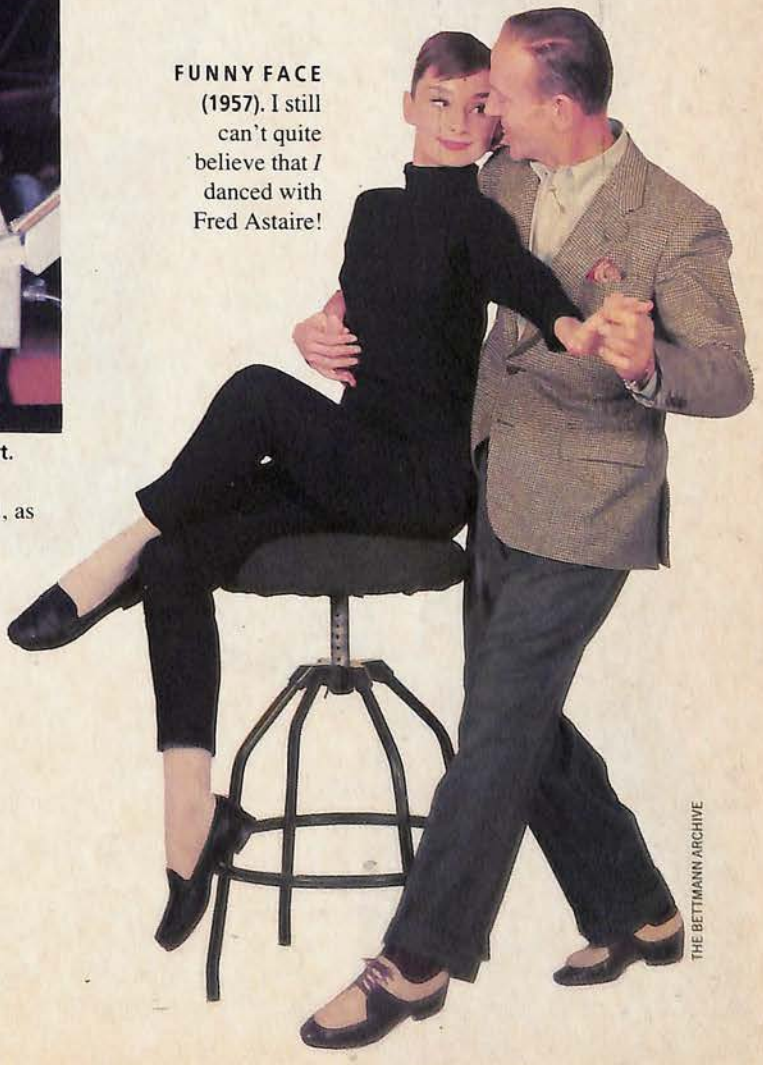
KOBAL COLLECTION

SABRINA (1954) with Humphrey Bogart. Sometimes it's the so-called "tough guys" that are the most tender hearted, as Bogey was with me.

WAR AND PEACE (1956) with Henry Fonda. Henry was the definitive Pierre. His capacity to express inner turmoil with such simplicity is still unsurpassed.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

FUNNY FACE (1957). I still can't quite believe that *I* danced with Fred Astaire!



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

SPRINGER/BETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON (1957) with Gary Cooper. Whether shooting it out at *High Noon* or lying on the floor in his pajamas, Gary was surely the most glamorous and gentle star of all.

THE UNFORGIVEN (1960). John Huston was the kind of director you'd break your back for, which is exactly what I did while working on this film.

PHIL STERN

KOBAL COLLECTION

THE NUN'S STORY (1959) with Peter Finch. Working with Peter meant working with one of the best actors that ever lived. He also was a great chef, and he would cook for the whole company and crew on weekends in the Congo.

PHOTOFEST

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S (1961). I'm told there are actually tourists who walk into Tiffany's and ask for the breakfast room! *(Hepburn was nominated for an Oscar.)*

KOBAL COLLECTION

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR (1961) with Shirley MacLaine and James Garner. Dear, fabulous, funny Shirley. Her sense of humor turned the making of this rather somber story into one long giggle.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

CHARADE (1963) with Cary Grant. What was wrong with Cary? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

KOBAL COLLECTION

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

MY FAIR LADY (1964). What a joy, doing a whole movie to music.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION (1966) with Peter O'Toole. You have to really like an actor to be locked in a broom closet with him for two days. I adored this one.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

WAIT UNTIL DARK (1967) with Richard Crenna. Richard is one of the finest actors I've ever worked with, and the funniest. Being blind was an almost devastating task. It was Richard's wit between shots that kept me going. *(Again a best-actress nomination.)*

TWO FOR THE ROAD (1967) with Albert Finney. In this picture I was nearly always behind the wheel. To think I don't know how to drive!

PHOTOFEST

ROBIN AND MARIAN (1976) with Sean Connery. No one was happier than I was to see Sean receive his Oscar [for *The Untouchables*] in 1988. He deserved one for *Robin* too.

JOHN ISAAC/UNICEF

This child has survived physically and emotionally, thanks to a "piggyback" from the international community. *(Hepburn is the Special UNICEF ambassador.)* My beautiful bouquet was made from thistles and weeds picked from the parched earth of a drought-stricken land.

JOHN ISAAC/UNICEF

Readers who wish to may send contributions to:

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331 East 38th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

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Matt STETSON
And
Emily HUNT
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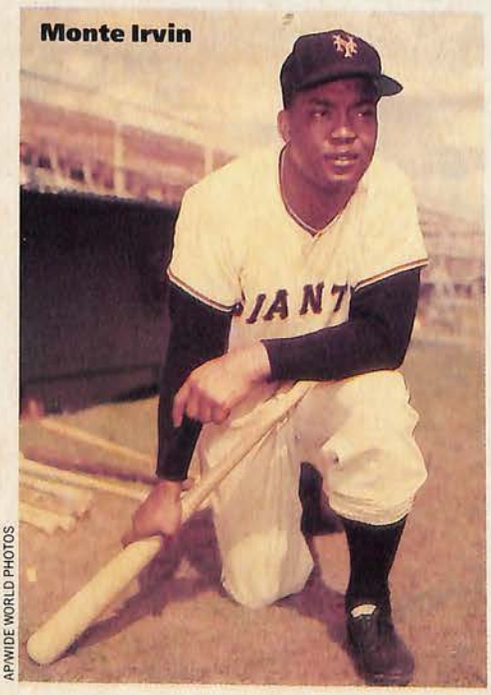
I REMEMBER

Forced Busing

By Mark Goodman

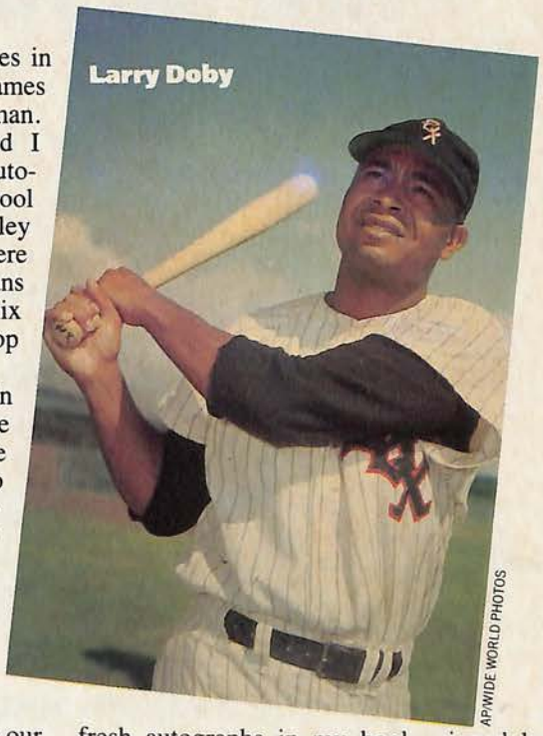
Back at the dawn of the 50's, nearly a decade before the earliest civil rights protesters sidled up to a restricted lunch counter, I staged the first solitary, all-white (and heretofore unrecorded) sit-in protest in the chronicle of American race relations. This is how it came about:

In those days, Dallas was still light-years away from having a major-league baseball franchise. College football was king in our country, and my boyhood heroes were Southern Methodist University's fabled all-Americans, Doak Walker and Kyle Rote. As for the summer game, the Class-AA Dallas Eagles, as ragtag an assemblage as ever gathered on a diamond, were our only exemplars. Except, that is, for those few glorious days in early April when the New York Giants and the Cleveland Indians came barnstorming east from their Arizona training camps to play exhibition games in brilliant uniforms bearing mythic names like Feller and Thompson and Lockman. On those mornings, Jerry Lynn and I would rise at dawn, pack lunches and autograph books into our Roy Rogers school satchels and ride two buses and a trolley out to tumbledown Eagle Stadium, where rain-washed outfield billboards—paeans to Dr Pepper and 7-Eleven and El Fenix Restaurant—provided a shabby backdrop for the graces of these gods.


Monte Irvin

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

This spring there were new gods in those sacred garments, and they were black. I knew, of course, about Jackie Robinson and other black players who followed him into major-league baseball—the most famous being Larry Doby of the Indians and Monte Irvin of the Giants. But the plain truth was that in all my 11 years I had never before actually seen a black man in an athletic uniform.


Larry Doby

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The Giants' batting practice was in full swing when Jerry and I settled into our seats. Sure enough, out came the titanic Irvin himself to take his cuts. CRACK! and the first pitch soared out over the El Fenix billboard. THWACK! and the next offering crashed into the tin Dr Pepper sign, leaving a visible dent. I was transfixed. I had never seen *anyone* hit anything that hard.

Then it was the Indians' turn in the cage, and Doby strode to the plate. You knew there was something special about him from the moment he lifted his bat like a matador's cape, then cocked it high, bouncing on his toes all the while. WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! He lined a string of sure doubles all across the outfield, first left to right, then right to left, smoothly, easily, as if he were shooting pool. For good measure he drove the last two shots somewhere over the 7-Eleven sign, and there were two new heroes in my schoolboy's pantheon.

On the bus coming home, I looked at the fresh autographs in my book, signed by black ballplayers who had been just as nice to me as Doak and Kyle had ever been. I thought about that, and for the first time in my young life I looked over my shoulder and actually *saw* Ralph Ellison's invisible men in the back of that divided bus. It got me to wondering: If Monte and Larry had boarded that bus, wouldn't they have had to sit in the back, too? Jerry and I agreed it would be peculiar to get somebody's autograph, then ride home in the front of the bus while he had to ride in the back.

By the time I got home, I had worked up a fair head of self-righteous steam. If my new friends, Monte and Larry, weren't allowed to sit at the front of the bus with me and Jerry, then by God all was not right with the world. So I decided, then and there, that the next time I got on a bus, I was going to march straight to the rear and take a seat. O, with what unfettered joy

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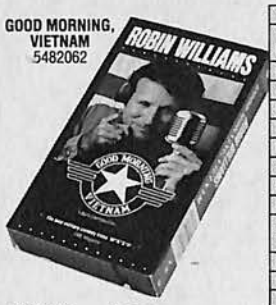

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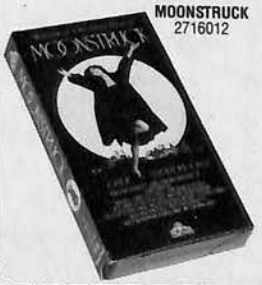

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146A/S89

beauty report: hair care

Performance insurance: the new must for your hair

It's infuriating. The shampoo you chose so carefully for your hair type, the shampoo you count on to give your hair just what it needs — suddenly, without explanation, stops performing. Your hair looks limp . . . dull . . . blah.

Before you say, philosophically, "There are no guarantees," consider this: There is a reason the performance has been cancelled. "Shampoo build-up" clings stubbornly. Washing with even fine shampoos leaves a shampoo "residue" that gradually overwhelms all the good things your shampoo can do.

Even worse, tests on 15 quality shampoos show that these dulling residues keep on accumulating each time you shampoo. Adding more and more residue.

Performance insurance is what you need. But is it possible to insure that your shampoo will keep performing in spite of build-up? Yes! To keep your shampoo performing at its peak, you must, temporarily, switch to a shampoo that safely gets rid of build-up.

WARNING: Think before you switch. You may be simply switching from one set of residues to another. With poor results for the beauty of your hair. You need a shampoo that removes residues, and doesn't leave residues.

Which shampoo works best? According to laboratory tests of 15 quality shampoos, Neutrogena® Shampoo ranked at the top, and "demonstrated consistently superior residue removal with almost no build-up itself."

"Test results indicate a single wash with Neutrogena Shampoo was adequate to remove in excess of 90% of shampoo residue. Even with conditioners, which are far more substantive to the hair, a single wash with Neutrogena removes 70% of the residue."

Shampoo Rinsability Study, Neutrogena Skin Care Institute. (Excerpt from lab report)

The clincher: unlike many traditional shampoos, Neutrogena Shampoo frees your hair from most build-up the first time you use it!

If you want your chosen shampoo to perform beautifully for you, give it "performance insurance." Replace it occasionally with Neutrogena Shampoo for just 14 days. Then go back to your original shampoo, and see how much better it works!

Neutrogena Shampoo insures performance with a satisfaction-or-your-money-back guarantee. It is available at better drug stores and cosmetic counters. Look for it—in the white box with the brown band.

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I REMEMBER

would freedom's clarions ring!

My moment on the cutting edge of the civil rights movement came all too soon. The next day I was to meet Jerry over at the Village Theater, a good 15-minute bus ride from my house. I took my post at the stop, waited, waited, my stomach turning to Jell-O Pudding, until the nation's first freedom bus arrived. I stepped up, put my nickel in the change drop and headed, eyes locked front and center, to the back of the bus. I sat down in the company of two black women and—O, Lordy!—Dava Lee Beisecker's yard man, Jesse. It had never occurred to me that I might actually recognize anybody on my historic ride. I avoided Jesse's flat, dark eyes (as the others just as painfully avoided mine) and set myself rigidly. Rigidly? No chair in Torquemada's chamber could have bound me so tightly.

There I sat. And sat. And sat. The ride took about two days, the driver oblivious to my terror. How was I to deal with the presence of Dava Lee Beisecker's yard man? After all, I had talked to Jesse at least once a month for the past three years, about fishing, about the subtleties of lawn mowing, and yes, about baseball, while he rested on his rake. What to do? Eventually I worked up the courage to glance his way, and his eyes, fixed straight on me, told me all I didn't need to know. They said: Son, you where you ain't s'posed to be.

Finally, mercifully, the Village Shopping Center hove into view. I jumped up, lurched across the aisle, grabbed the pole by the "Whites Only" sign to the left of the exit and hung on for dear life. My quandary intensified; I couldn't just *ignore* Jesse. Hell's bells, I knew the man, and besides, I reckoned I wouldn't be striking much of a blow for Monte and Larry if I made my ride without so much as a by-your-leave to one of their brethren. So, as the bus eased into the stop and I prepared to debark, I examined a spot somewhere above and to the left of Jesse's head and announced, in a voice curiously like my own, "Well, I guess I'll be getting off here."

Then the bus stopped, and I, drummer boy of the Coming Storm, bolted like a jackrabbit up the sidewalk toward the Village Theater. ■

MARK GOODMAN, *author of* Hurrah for the Next Man Who Dies, *is writing a novel set in Hollywood of the silent-film era.*

Small Observances

By Maureen McFadden

ROBIN HOOD

ARMED FORCES DAY

"I DIDN'T WANT TO BE OUT IN THE RAIN, BUT MY WIFE WANTED me to take my son to the Armed Forces Day parade," says Earl "Redbone" Robinson Sr., remembering the day in 1977 when photographer Robin Hood made him and his son the subjects of a Pulitzer Prize-winning photo.

Robinson, who had just watched Riverside High School's marching band perform, was recalling his days on the Chattanooga, Tenn., school's football team when Hood caught him in his reverie. Seven years earlier, as a Marine in Vietnam, the then 20-year-old Robinson had lost his legs to a "bouncing Betty" (an anti-personnel mine that springs to waist height after being tripped).

Robinson was in the last months of his second tour of duty when the mine exploded, killing three in the patrol he was leading. Robinson called for a corpsman to try to patch up the others, crawled up a hill and guarded his men with an M60 machine gun. "When I got to the field hospital they told me my legs weren't any good," he says. Robinson was awarded the Bronze Star for his bravery.

After a divorce from his wife, Deborah, in 1982, Robinson moved to Atlanta. "That first love doesn't ever leave. We stay in contact," says Deborah, who remembers Redbone's reaction the day the photograph ran in the *Chattanooga Times*. "He loved it. He was just like a star. Stuck his chest out and was playing the role."

Earl Jr., now 13, prefers basketball and dirt bikes to football. He says he sees his dad often, but they only talk about the past "when we're looking at TV and the war comes on. Sometimes he talks about it then."

BOB NICHOLS

ANN STATES/PICTURE GROUP

Earl Robinson Jr. and Sr.

BONFIRE VANITIES

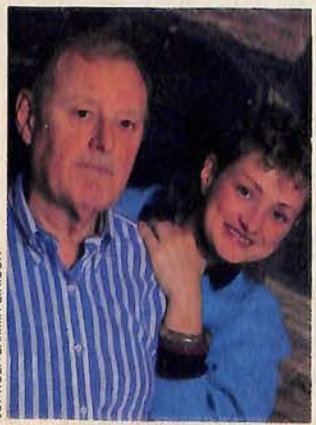
IT WAS OCTOBER 1958, AND AT FORT WORTH'S TEXAS CHRISTIAN University the bonfire wasn't cooperating. "They just couldn't get the damn thing lit," remembers Osborne Duke, then a T.C.U. assistant professor. "We were out there so long it was getting cold, so I just stuck Olivia in my coat."

After *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* photographer George Smith captured father, daughter and mother Myra on film, they became familiar faces, not just in Fort Worth but around the world.

"We got so many letters about the picture," says Duke, today a novelist (*Sideman*) and jazz trombonist. "Some people dug up prototypes from Egyptian art. Others did Freudian analyses of it, saying it was clear the man wanted to have the baby. There was even a full page in *Paris Match*."

Olivia, now 31 and a pop/rock singer, says she thinks of the photo as an old friend. She has treasured it particularly since the 1986 death of her mother, once a featured singer on TV's *Your Hit Parade* who also performed with the Ray Charles Singers.

"Even when I moved to Los Angeles, people knew me from that picture" Olivia says. "Actually, I don't look too different now. I've got that little baby happy-go-lucky face with a big grin on it." Today father and grinning daughter both live in southern California and visit each other frequently.



JOY WOLF/GAMMA-LIAISON

Osborne and Olivia Duke

GEORGE SMITH/FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

RUBEN PEREZ/SYGMA

Amy Carter

HAVING A BALL

DENNIS BRACK, A PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE Black Star photo agency, had learned to take big assignments in stride. But shooting President Carter's inaugural ball was a little different. He was on a tight deadline and, says Brack, that cold January night in 1977 was mayhem.

Brack had covered Carter since the Democratic convention the previous summer and was used to the pushing and shoving that such an assignment entails. "No one in his administration was ever good at planning these things," he remembers, "so I'd just try to get three or four feet in front of Carter and stay there."

In the wee small hours Brack spied Amy Carter, the President's then 9-year-old daughter. "Here she was, dressed up in her little dress with her flowers. She looked as if she felt awkward. And she was so tired. It was the second ball of the night. I shot the picture—I knew I had a good take—and put it on a plane for New York." The photo, which first ran in *Time*, won the year's National Press Photographers Association award in the magazine division.

Today Brack is still photographing Presidents for Black Star. He covered President Bush's campaign and is assigned to his administration. Amy Carter, now 21, attends the Memphis College of Art. She has been involved in protests against the C.I.A., apartheid and world hunger, and in 1985, while a student at Brown University, she was arrested for demonstrating at the South African Embassy in Washington.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Dennis Brack

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La-Z-Boy®

Taps for a 'Devil Dog'

A ceremony that is more than a burial.

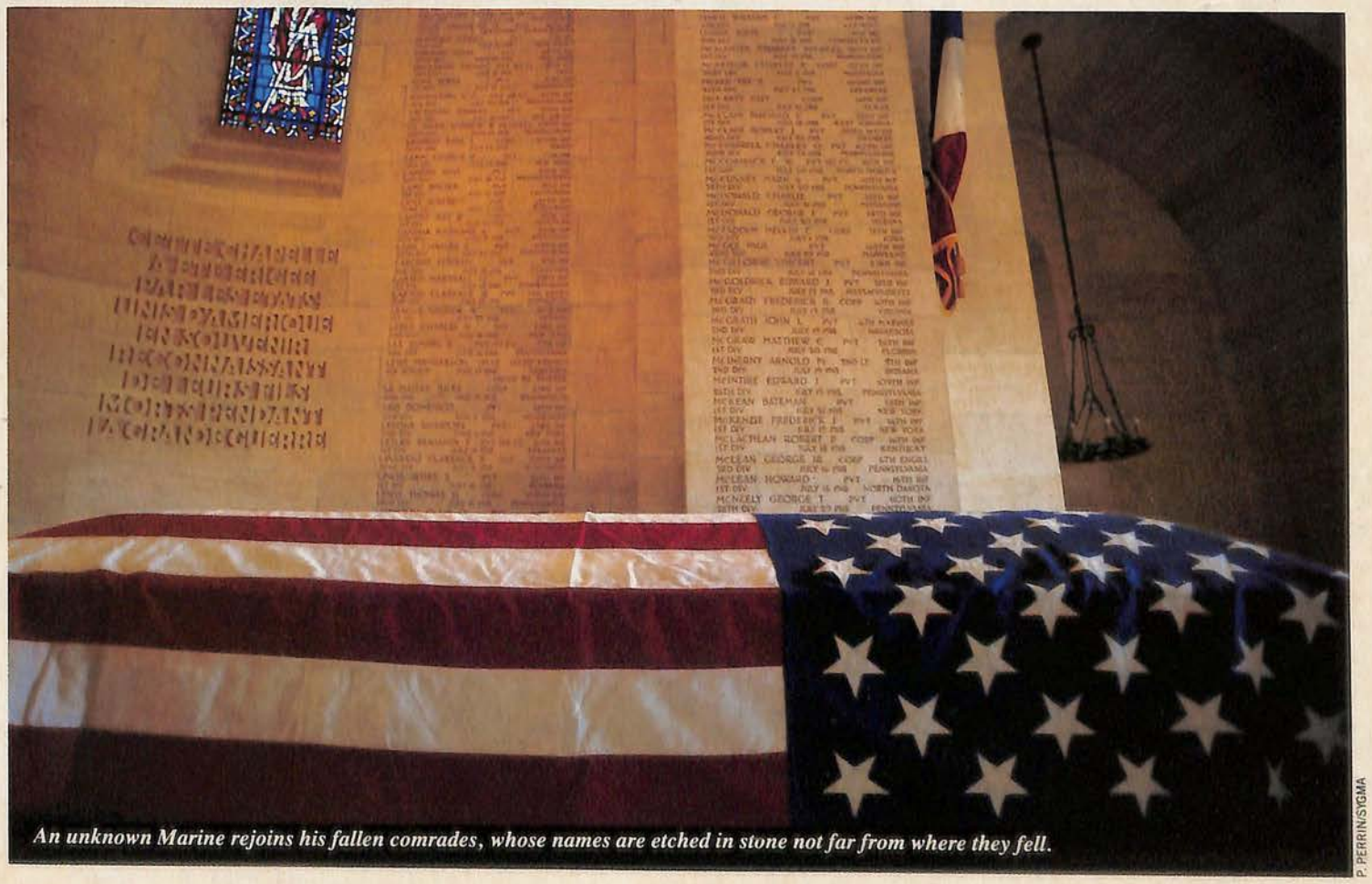
P. PERRIN/SYGMA

By Judson Gooding

Dominique Pascard, a farmer in Belleau, France, did not want to believe what he saw that spring afternoon last year. Excavating an irrigation ditch after heavy rains, he saw the emerging outlines of what was unmistakably a skeleton. "I was stupefied—startled out of my wits!" he recalls.

He informed the mayor, who sent the gendarmerie. They unearthed—along with the human remains—a U.S. Marine Corps belt buckle and some Marine buttons dating from World War I. Pascard's cousin, Nelly Pascard, an assistant mayor in nearby Torcy-en-Valois, said later, "It was as though a ghost were coming from a very distant past. But although it was grim, it gave us a new opportunity to talk with our children about the war and what happened, and what the Americans did."

What the Americans did in the summer of 1918 was win a bold victory that halted Germany's massive offensive toward Paris. The offensive was meant to win the war before America could tilt the balance in the Allies' favor. Nearly everyone around Belleau knows of the heroism of the Fourth U.S. Marine Brigade. Outnumbered by more than two to one, the Americans seized Belleau Wood from the elite, entrenched German troops in three weeks of grueling day-and-night combat. President Woodrow Wilson later told the Senate that the "never to be forgotten action turned the tide of battle and began the rout that was to



An unknown Marine rejoins his fallen comrades, whose names are etched in stone not far from where they fell.

P. PERRIN/SYGMA

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THINK AGAIN.

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save Europe and the world.'' Within five months the Germans were defeated, bringing World War I to an end.

The skeletal remains were sent for identification to laboratories in Hawaii and returned. No identification had been possible. Now, on this fall morning, the unknown Marine is to be buried in the American military cemetery of Belleau Wood, taking his place among the 2,288 other American soldiers lying beneath the precise rows of white headstones. It will be the first burial since 1929 in this cemetery, which is reserved for those who fell in World War I. Of the 2,288 graves, 250 hold unknown soldiers, their headstones bearing the moving epitaph, ''Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God.''

Though the day is bright, it is gloomy beneath the canopy of trees. Seventy years after the battle, many are still scarred from the shells that tore through the air, ripping off branches and shredding trunks. Through the forest runs a deep ravine—called ''Death Ravine'' by the Marines. The superb cover the ravines and boulders afforded the defending Germans made attack almost suicidal. ''No one who has not visited that wood,'' wrote Brig. Gen. James G. Harbord, commanding officer of the Fourth Brigade, ''can comprehend the heroism of the troops which finally cleared it of Germans.'' An estimated 20,000 to 25,000 deeply dug-in German troops took part in the battle against 9,444 attacking Marines. Even today there are traces left of the trenches, foxholes and shell craters.

Marine Capt. John W. Thomason Jr., a combat historian who was there, wrote: ''Day and night for nearly a month men fought in [the] corpse-choked thickets, killing with bayonet and bomb and machine gun. It was gassed and shelled and shot into the semblance of nothing earthly . . . pockmarked with shell craters and shallow dugouts . . . . Finally it was taken.''

The village of Belleau was also devastated by artillery rounds.

COURTESY OF CLAUDE CLAPART

Former private James R. Scarbrough, now 90 and one of the few surviving veterans of the battle, remembered that his company began one attack with 267 men. ''By the time the sun set,'' he said, ''there were 17 of us left standing.''

Gaston Duclert, who knows every square foot of the 200-acre battleground from his 39 years of working there, shows visitors the holes in boulders made by machine-gun bullets. Duclert, foreman of the crew that keeps the cemetery in pristine order, points out where the last, victorious battle was fought. ''The June heat was terrible, the noise, the stench, the cries of the wounded. . . .'' he says. ''Artillery fire came down like thunder—we estimate there were 88,000 shells fired in and around the wood.''

In the village of Belleau, Yvette Panouillot, who operates a small cafe, tells of an American veteran who came back several times to visit the battle site. ''He said he came to weep on the grave of his friend, who was killed saving him—they charged across a field attacking the Germans without knowing there were machine guns covering the field, and this was why so many were killed. He broke down and cried as he told about it.''

Marine Corps legend was also written in the heavily bombarded village of Belleau. In the center of town, spring water flows from the mouth of a fountain sculptured in the shape of a bull mastiff. It lies near the site of a chateau once guarded by fearsome hunting dogs. In 1918 the Marines used the fountain for their water supply. The Germans, awed by the Marines' fierce courage, called them ''*Teufel Hunde*'' or ''devil dogs,'' a name they have borne proudly over the decades. ''It is an honor to drink from that fountain,'' says Master Sgt. William L. Taylor, ''and no Marine will pass by without stopping there.''

''We have always been grateful for what the Americans did,'' Jean Scohy, a local resident, says. ''If they hadn't been as valorous as they were, we would now be speaking German.''

So this ceremony is more than a burial. It celebrates an alliance between France and the U.S. that stretches back to the Ameri-

Of the more than 2,000 graves, some 250 hold unknown soldiers.

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can Revolution. French men, women and children from nearby towns, some bearing the bright flags of veterans' organizations, mingle with American visitors, brass from SHAPE and EUCOM, and farmers from the neighboring villages of Belleau, Torcy-en-Valois and Lucy-le-Bocage.

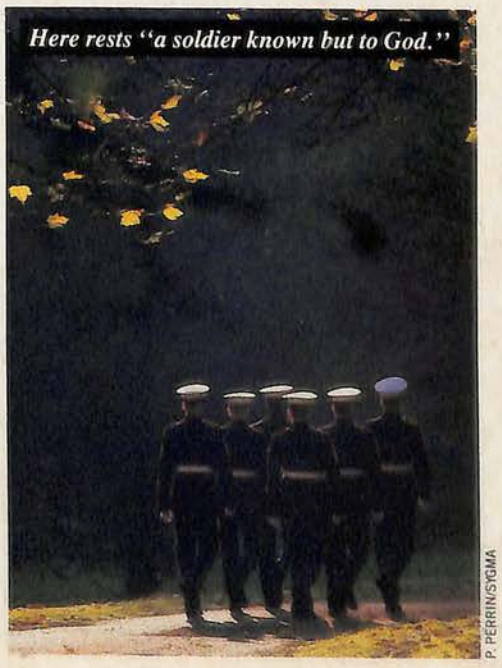
It is cold in the flat, white morning sunlight. The muted buzz of quiet conversation among the waiting spectators suddenly ceases as two officers, a Navy chaplain and a Marine Corps brigadier general, step out of the Romanesque chapel where the casket has lain and start slowly down the stairs. Marines in crisp full-dress uniform line the white stone steps. Six Marine pallbearers follow, carrying the silvery metal coffin covered with an American flag.

At the grave site, a Marine corporal places flowers at the foot of the grave. The chaplain, Navy Capt. Raymond Dressler, offers a prayer for "this faithful servant" and "for all those who have laid down their lives in defense of their country." Ending his prayer, he says, "We tenderly commit his body to earth, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Brig. Gen. Richard Hearney steps forward. "The struggle that took place here will always remind us that freedom is not free," he says. "I pray that these men are with God, with His eternal light shining on them."

At the order of Master Sergeant Taylor, an 18-gun salute is fired. In the silence that follows, the haunting call of taps rings out in the misty morning air. ■

JUDSON GOODING *is a former foreign correspondent for* Time *who works out of Paris. He is the author of* The Job Revolution.


Here rests "a soldier known but to God."

P. PERRIN/SYGMA

APRIL AND MAY

50

years ago

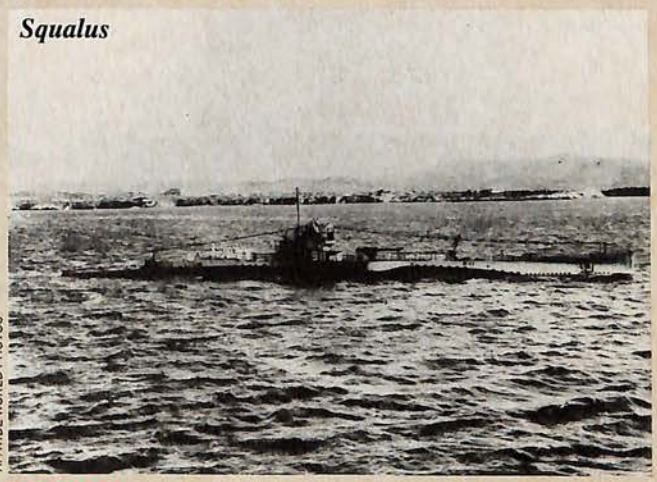
GLOBE PHOTOS

FDR: Orders 571 airplanes

GATHERING STORM **Mussolini invades tiny kingdom of Albania . . . Hitler conscripts all German youth . . . Goering forbids German soldiers to do Lambeth Walk . . . New pope, Pius XII, asks Germany, Italy, France and Britain to attend peace talks at Vatican.**

Albania

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



Squalus

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

VOYAGES American submarine Squalus sinks during training run off New Hampshire coast; 26 perish . . . Travel writer Richard Halliburton lost in mid-Pacific in Chinese junk . . . Australia's heaviest married couple sail to England for honeymoon, he 686 pounds, she 420.

Mr. Chips

PHOTOFEST

FLICKS AND BOOKS *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* with Robert Donat, *Wuthering Heights* with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier, *Dark Victory* with Bette Davis . . . James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake*, John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, Katherine Anne Porter's *Pale Horse, Pale Rider.*

Nelson

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

WINNERS Byron Nelson posts pro record of 130 (for 36 holes) in Phoenix Open . . . Johnston wins 65th Kentucky Derby by six lengths . . . 27th Indianapolis 500 won by Wilbur Shaw in 4 hrs., 20 min., 47.41 sec.; average speed: 115.035 m.p.h.

Married

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

STARS **Barbara Stanwyck (Ruby Stevens Fay), 31, and Robert Taylor (Arlington Spangler Brugh), 27, marry, keep it secret by using their real names . . . Charlie Chaplin turns 50, Shirley Temple 10.**

COMING RIGHT UP:

page 26

COURTESY RUPPERT

50 YEARS AGO: FDR OPENS AN INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

On the eve of war, it was still possible to behold the wonders of the World of Tomorrow, if only for a day.

Meet Me At

By Mary Lee Settle

FREDERICK LEWIS, INC.

Serving as a focal point for finding one's way around the 1,216 acres of the 1939 World's Fair (above), the Trylon and Perisphere became its striking trademark: One part was meant to symbolize the world; the other, aspiration. *The New York Times* called them "the egg and the tack." In an imaginary interview with the Perisphere, the *New York Sun* asked, "What is your role, would you mind telling?" The answer: "I'm a theme, sir, that is not jelling."

ALEX SIODNIK

To go back to the early spring of 1939 is to cross a gulf of memory to the other side of war. Fifty years ago I spent a glorious day with a young French ensign in the World of Tomorrow. We went on the train from Pennsylvania Station—10 minutes for 10 cents!—to the New York World's Fair.

Philippe, a 20-year-old officer from the French naval academy, had come to New York aboard a French cruiser as part of a good-will mission. He wore a white uniform, and I a flowered cotton summer dress and a Panama hat. I was 19. We walked along wide streets painted red, yellow and blue, past streamlined exhibition buildings, talking in our second languages, schoolgirl French and schoolboy English. We walked on Rainbow Avenue and along Constitution Mall, and spray from the fountains sometimes showered us as we passed.

I remember sunshine, vivid colors, and music that competed with the hum of the crowd. The fair was the center of New York that spring and summer. Seventy-five cents admission, a cheap date even then. Philippe and I gazed up at the world's largest cash register against the sky; atop the National Cash Register Building, it recorded attendance for the day.

At the Futurama exhibit in the General Motors complex, traveling in elevated mov-

ALEX SIODNIK

the Fair

Inside the Westinghouse pavilion, electrical and mechanical marvels delighted audiences. Elektro, a seven-foot, 260-pound metal robot (at center), talked, sang, smoked, counted on his fingers and occasionally appeared with his "motodog," Sparko.

CONRAD R. KUPPERT

Characters from *Alice in Wonderland* decorated the entrance of Skidmore & Owings's building for the Continental Baking Co., makers of "slo-baked" Wonder Bread. The machine-filled bakery turned out Hostess cupcakes and bread sold at the Wonder Sandwich Bar. Behind the building was one of the fair's most unusual features—a wheat field billowing with the first sheaves grown in New York City since 1871.

ing chairs like low-flying airplanes, we looked down on a diorama displaying a utopian city of the future. We were amazed by the miniature landscape of 500,000 individually designed houses, 24-lane superhighways, bullet-shaped automobiles, multistoried bridges and zigzagging ramps. It was an illusory dream of the future, just as the fair itself was illusory.

Covering three square miles of Flushing Meadow Park in Queens, it was dominated by the 300-foot Trylon, a monumental tower that pierced the sky, and beside it the Perisphere, an enormous round ball 18 stories high. Pure white by day, they were illuminated by a whorl of colored lights at night. Nobody understood quite what they meant, but the Trylon and Perisphere became symbols of the Dawn of a New Day, the theme of the fair. All the way from Manhattan, more than 10 miles away, you could see them standing guard over the great exhibition.

The fair celebrated what writer Norman Bel Geddes called "the spirit of the machine," industry and commerce. At Consolidated Edison's City of Light exhibition, an animated model of New York, you could watch the city's lights change from day to night to day again. Cows seemed to give perpetual milk "without the touch of human hands" in the spotless Borden building. And bakers produced thousands of loaves in the Wonder Bread Bakery.

American industry had underwritten the most fashionable artists of the time. Henry Billings's 70-by-40-foot ever-moving mural, with its cogs and wheels and whirling color, was the Ford Motor Company exhibition centerpiece. Diego Rivera's mural covered the facade of the Hall of Industrial Science. Willem De Kooning painted the curved front of the Hall of Pharmacy, which contained a huge mechanical beating heart. Alexander Calder's wall of water—a

WALT SANDERS/BLACK STAR

Based on a device used to train military parachutists, the Parachute Jump was a popular ride, but not everyone glided gently down. The 250-foot descent caused at least two marriages to fall apart. A pair of lovers involved in an illicit affair were trapped on the ride when it jammed. When the tabloids published their photograph, their spouses discovered the deception; two divorces followed.

MARJORY COLLINS/BLACK STAR

FAIR FACTS

To celebrate the opening of the fair on April 30, 1939, Franklin D. Roosevelt gave the first televised speech by an American President. ("Our wagon is hitched to a star," he said.) TV sets were expensive and very rare and had seven-inch screens.

On that first evening, Albert Einstein pressed a switch connecting a device that "collected cosmic rays" and lighted the fair.

BOB GOLBY/COLLECTION OF THE QUEENS MUSEUM

The facade of Salvador Dali's surrealistic fantasy, "Dream of Venus," included a three-dimensional representation of his famous soft watches and a couch in the shape of Mae West's lips. In all, 35 sculptors were commissioned to produce works for the fair. Most sculptures were made of plaster, but notable exceptions were Robert Foster's "Textiles," a 30-foot female figure fashioned from sheets of steel; Lawrence Tenny Stevens's "Tree of Life," carved from an elm trunk 45 feet high, and Waylande Gregory's "Fountain of the Atom," made of ceramic tiles surrounded by a shaft of glass.

The Crosley exhibit displayed "the car of tomorrow," an air-cooled convertible coupe offering two cylinders, 12 horsepower and 50 miles to the gallon. Price: $325.

Visitors to the fair included Eleanor Roosevelt, who wore a dress with a Trylon and Perisphere motif; Henry Ford; John D. Rockefeller; U.S. Ambassador to England Joseph P. Kennedy and his family; Mickey Rooney, best known then for his Andy Hardy roles; Helen Keller, who said she could "see" the fair by sensing such exhibits as General Electric's man-made lightning; Herbert Hoover; J. Edgar Hoover; Gene Autry; Shirley Temple, and Walter Lippmann, who wrote that the point of the fair was to show that "the human race is a collection of the most

50 *years ago*

marvelous, ingenious and engaging idiots that ever got possession of a noble planet."

The Westinghouse Time Capsule, a rocket-shaped container to be dug up in the year 6939, held a woman's compact, a man's razor, a Bible, a Lilly Daché hat, a lump of coal (coal might be rare in 6939), a pipe, cigarettes, and 23,000 pages of text on microfilm, including front pages of 15 New York City dailies as well as the complete *Gone With the Wind* and *The Grapes of Wrath.*

COURTESY OF WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORP.

At the Westinghouse exhibit, housewives were chosen from among the spectators to compete against an electric dishwasher. The dishwasher invariably won.

More than 25 million people came to the fair, some as many as 50 times. All told, there were 2,000 exhibits and, in the 280-acre Amusement Zone, over 70 shows and rides.

During the final week, in October 1940, the fair was opened—free of charge—to 250,000 people on New York City's relief rolls.

Most of the 1939 fair lives only in memory, but still in existence are: the New York City Building, now the home of the Queens Museum; the rusting frame of the Parachute Jump, now at Coney Island, where it was relocated after the fair closed, and a plaque in the ground showing where the Time Capsule is buried. —THOMAS B. ALLEN

"water ballet," he called it—was cool and calm. Along the 60 miles of the fairgrounds' roads and paths were robust and idealized statues—big hipped, high breasted and with long, flowing hair, majestic figures gazing rigidly into the vague middle distance of the future.

At Billy Rose's ever-popular Aquacade, with its 500 "aquafemmes" and "aquabeaus," we watched champion swimmer Eleanor Holm and former Olympian Johnny Weismuller perform an aquatic pas de deux. Showgirls in towering headdresses paraded around the huge pool while water nymphs synchronized arms and legs to form slippery sunbursts and circles.

Bravely, we rode the Parachute Jump. At the top we looked down from 250 feet above the fair; then, for a few seconds, we were in free fall. Once caught by the parachute, we floated down, swayed by the wind, until the world was the right size again.

We went dutifully to the solemn industrial exhibits but much preferred sampling the rides and amusements at the Fun Fair, where Rosita Royce danced with seven trained doves and little else, or visiting the pavilions surrounding the Lagoon of Nations. The restaurant at the elegant French Pavilion was the fair's best, of course. The Russian Pavilion boasted a modern subway, the Turkish Pavilion contained calm, beautiful courtyards, and long lines of fairgoers waited to see the crown jewels in the British Pavilion.

When King George VI and Queen Elizabeth of England came to visit, on June 10, the plaza swarmed with people as far as you could see. I watched through binoculars as the tiny couple came out of the British Pavilion and waved, smiling and gracious. The skies threatened rain, but nothing diminished the outpouring of affection, especially for the Queen (now "Queen Mother"), by the great crowd gathered along the monarchs' parade route. Only weeks before, *Life* magazine had carried pictures of the King inspecting a bomb shelter in London.

CONRAD H. RUPPERT

At 269 feet, the central pylon of the Russian pavilion was the second-tallest structure at the fair. The star in the hand of the statue—meant to glorify the Soviet worker—was an officially designated aviation beacon, warning low-flying planes of the statue's presence. New Yorkers irreverently dubbed the figure "Big Joe" and the "Bronx Express Straphanger."

NYT PICTURES

The King and Queen of England visit: Common pleasures for a royal pair.

Every so often, one came across other reminders of what was happening in the world beyond the fair. At the Czech exhibit, begun before Hitler's takeover of the small country, the flag flew at half-staff. A statue of a Soviet worker stood on a high pedestal, a red electric star in its uplifted hand.

Beyond the lagoon, fireworks against the night sky sometimes burst into vast, short-lived flowers, as if to mimic the creation and destruction of the world. Within a few months of our spring idyll, the same countries that built pavilions around a fairyland of water would be caught in the horrors of the Second World War. Philippe would fight with the Free French, and I with the English Women's Auxiliary Air Force.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt had opened the fair as "a symbol of peace." Soon the promise of the futuristic, make-believe world it heralded would be dashed. But for a little while, it was possible to forget the shadow of war. It was possible to go to the fair on a sunny day, play at parachuting, travel to faraway places and dream an American dream. ■

MARY LEE SETTLE *recently completed her 11th novel,* Charley Bland, *which will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux this fall.*

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APRIL AND MAY

40

years ago

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

TRUMAN: Would bomb again

MISCELLANY Soviet Chief Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, asked why he always looks so severe, replies, "I could smile, but it would be artificial" . . . Ad appearing in Mexico City newspaper: "Young man about to be married seeks older, experienced man to dissuade him" . . . Black diplomat Ralph Bunche turns down job as Assistant Secretary of State because, he says, his family would suffer racial indignities in Washington . . . Ralph Bellamy explains why he returned to Broadway from Hollywood: "The script said, 'A charming but naïve goof—a typical Ralph Bellamy part' " . . . On Tokyo's main drag 80 percent of women dress European-style, in long skirts; couples walk arm-in-arm, a sight never seen before World War II.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

MAGNUM

LEFT AND RIGHT April 29: Communist army of nearly one million sweeps through China and captures Nationalist capital of Nanking . . . Charles de Gaulle asks amnesty for 50,000 political prisoners of World War II, including 93-year-old Marshal Pétain.

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FANNING OUT Baseball manager Leo Durocher suspended for attacking fan . . . Pancho Gonzales takes national indoor tennis crown from Billy Talbert . . . Sam Snead wins Masters by three strokes, goes on to take PGA . . . Karl Gosta Leandersson of Sweden wins 53d Boston Marathon.

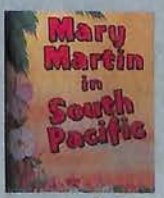
AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Durocher

PICTORIAL PARADE

PRIZES Laurence Olivier wins best-actor Oscar for *Hamlet* . . . Pulitzers to James Cozzens's novel *Guard of Honor*, Robert Sherwood's biography *Roosevelt and Hopkins* . . . Broadway smash: Sidney Kingsley's *Detective Story*.

COMING RIGHT UP:



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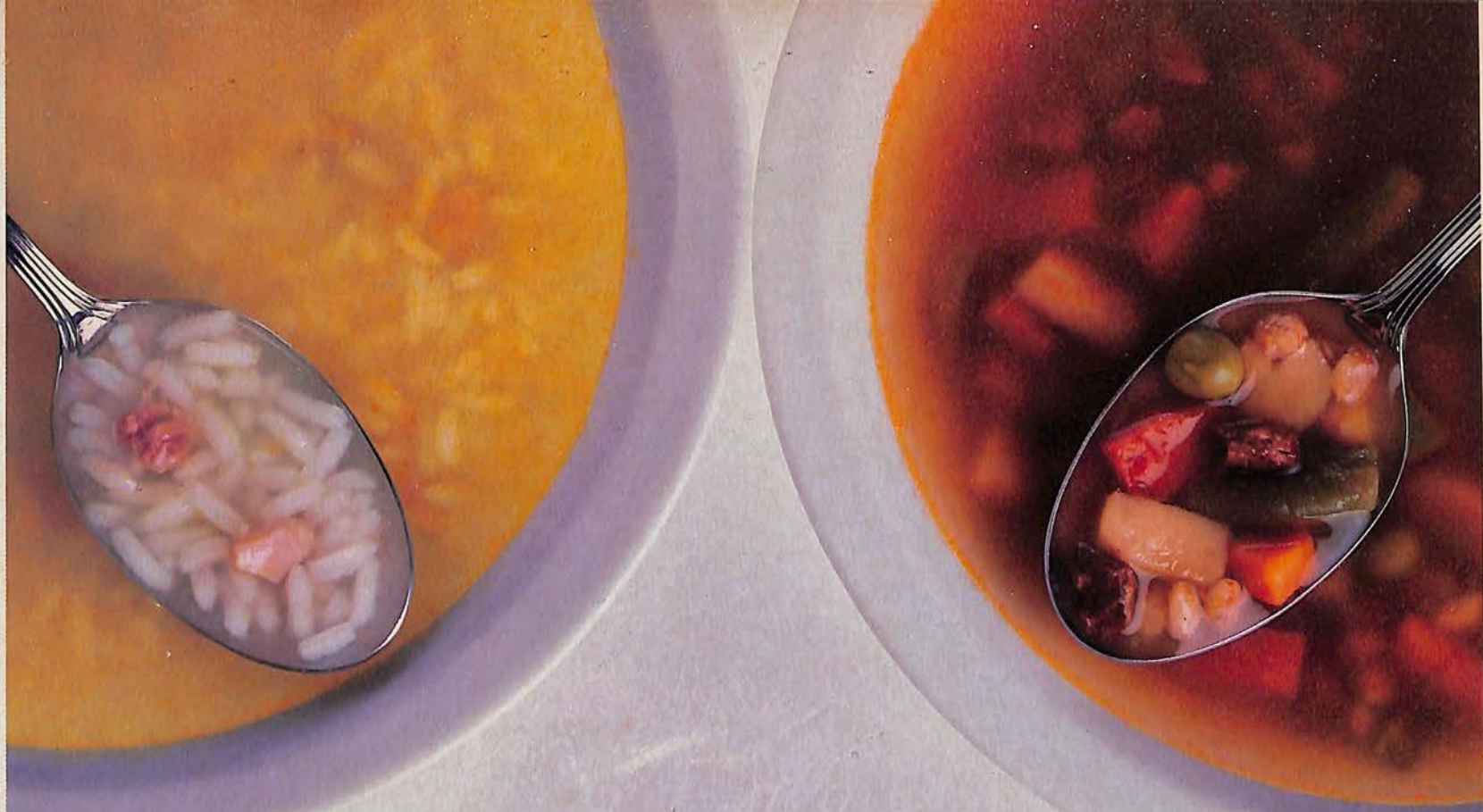

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40 YEARS AGO: RITA HAYWORTH MARRIES ALY KHAN

A fairytale romance culminates in a royal wedding for America's seductive sweetheart and a Muslim prince.

Pin-Up Princ

By Stefan Kanfer

ess

KEYSTONE

A HOLLYWOOD TALENT AGENT once described the bell curve of the star system as follows:

1. Who is Rita Hayworth?
2. Get me Rita Hayworth.
3. Get me a Rita Hayworth type.
4. Get me a young Rita Hayworth.
5. Who is Rita Hayworth?

The answer to 1 and 5 is: America's seductive sweetheart of the 1940's and 50's, the dancing partner whom Fred Astaire said he preferred to all others, and the actress who became a princess long before Grace Kelly by marrying Prince Aly Khan, the international playboy, on May 27, 1949.

The Hayworth screen style was sexually suggestive, perfectly poised, full of sidelong glances, warmed by a secret smile and a breathy voice. Her dark red hair cascaded over her shoulders on the cover of *Life*, and the picture of her kneeling on a bed in a black lace negligee made one of the hottest pin-up posters in history. During World War II, it decorated barracks walls and ships' bulkheads wherever servicemen ventured. Yet she retained a healthy innocence. "I don't really think she knew how intensely sexy she seemed to others," director Howard Hawks once said.

Hayworth became "The Great American Love Goddess." In a demure striptease in *Gilda*, the 1946 King Vidor film that sealed her image, she sent male temperatures soaring merely by peeling off her arm-length black gloves. "Every man I've ever known has fallen in love with Gilda," Hayworth noted with characteristic self-deprecation, "and wakened with me."

Her greatest fame came with the announcement of her third marriage. It was to be the most celebrated union of royalty and commoner since the King of England renounced his throne for Wallis Simpson. The prospective groom was the elder son of the Aga Khan, the spiritual leader of 15 million Ismaili Muslims and one of the richest men in the world.

Despite his North African origins, Aly was educated in England and lived most of his life in Europe. He was attracted to money and the comforts it brought. Aly first wed British heiress Joan Guinness, who gave birth to two sons, Karim (now the Aga Khan) and Amyn. The marriage faded fast, although Aly was not yet divorced when he engineered a meeting with Hayworth at Cap d'Antibes in 1948. "It should have been a summer romance that ended at the end of the summer," said Shifra Haran, Hayworth's personal secretary.

Hayworth had begun the long journey toward a fairytale wedding with the Prince some 30 years earlier in Brooklyn, N.Y., as Margarita Carmen Cansino, the gifted child of flamenco dancers. The family moved to Los Angeles, and Papa made Margarita his dancing partner just after she turned 13, dyeing her hair black in order to accent her Latin lineage. The Dancing Cansinos appeared in Mexican nightclubs where no one was very likely to ask Rita's age. An adolescence spent in tawdry dressing rooms rather than in classrooms gave Hayworth a lifelong feeling of inadequacy about her education. At 18 she married Edward Judson, a small-time wheeler-dealer and car salesman more than 20 years her senior.

Judson sensed that Hayworth's appeal was more all-American than exotic and wangled an introduction to Harry Cohn, the notoriously tyrannical head of Columbia Pictures. Cohn bought the package, signing the actress to a seven-year movie contract, but furnished fresh wrapping: The young beauty acquired a streamlined figure, lighter hair, a shortened first name and the surname of her Irish mother. Her first important film role was in Howard Hawks's 1939 *Only Angels Have Wings*. In a supporting role with Cary Grant, Hayworth gave a notable performance as a vamp.

She then scorched the screen with a series of indelible characters including an ingenue (*Cover Girl*), a terpsichore (*You Were Never Lovelier*) and, of course, a saucy temptress (*Gilda*). Even Gilda's sizzling solo, *Put the Blame on Mame* (which was actually dubbed by Anita Ellis), went right onto the hit parade.

If only matters had worked as well offscreen. Hayworth's childless marriage to Judson was dissolved in 1943. She then met Orson Welles, the megalomaniacal genius of the cinema, who had developed so sudden a passion for Hayworth that he'd announced his intention to marry her after seeing her photograph in a magazine.

The couple wed in the fall of 1943. Ever the director, Welles elevated his new wife from love goddess to leading *Lady From Shanghai*. Hayworth played an amoral schemer who holds a handsome Irish rogue—Welles—in thrall. His performance, and his direction, forced her to new

PHOTOFEST

CULVER PICTURES

KOBAL COLLECTION

Hayworth as Gilda (left), the smoldering temptress who became her film signature. Marriages to Edward Judson, Orson Welles and Aly Khan (far right) all ended in divorce.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

40 *years ago*

virtuosity. She even managed to steal a scene or two from him. *The Lady From Shanghai* suggested that volcanic emotions simmered below Hayworth's flawless skin and showed that the right director could get a serious performance from her.

Reporters dubbed the happy couple Beauty and the Brain, but before long Hayworth discovered a rival for Orsie's devotion: his all-consuming work. "I'm tired of being a 25 percent wife," she announced to the press in 1947. She then sailed off to the French Riviera with daughter Rebecca.

One epochal evening in Cannes, Hayworth was introduced to a darkly handsome stranger. Prince Aly Khan, then 38, had long been obsessed with *Gilda* and had asked Elsa Maxwell, the professional hostess, to arrange a gathering where he could meet the woman behind the role. Hayworth was as attracted to him as he was to her, and the pair were soon spotted motoring through Spain, shopping in Hollywood and flying to Mexico City. Since both were still married, the affair was taken up by the tabloids. From Mexico the lovers tried to find some privacy in Cuba, but reporters caught up with them. Hayworth and Aly insisted they were barely acquainted. To a relentless inquisitor Aly replied with customary élan, "Look here, old boy, I'd like to answer your questions, but how can I when they are so embarrassing?"

The embarrassment continued through December 1948, when Hayworth and Rebecca spent Christmas at Aly's County Kildare horse farm near Dublin. A few months later the engagement was announced, to the enchantment of millions. In May 1949, behind the walls of Chateau de L'Horizon, the Prince's lavish 30-room seaside villa in the south of France, the bride prepared for her third wedding. "I'm so excited," she said, "I can hardly think. I'm sort of lost in a dream world."

The wedding details were a closely guarded secret. In lieu of facts, the press speculated wildly. Dozens of turtles bearing lighted candles would swim around a swimming pool at the reception. A well-known band would emerge from a surfacing submarine to play "Here Comes the Bride." The *Chicago Tribune* offered an exclusive shocker: Hayworth and a guest could not continue a wedding rehearsal on the chateau lawn after spying the body of a drowned man washed up on the rocks.

Plans had actually called for nuptials at L'Horizon. But the French government, with its majestic sense of *égalité*, decreed that even princes must make their vows at city hall. On the great day the hastily decorated building in the nearby town of Vallauris was filled with friends, curious townspeople and, of course, scores of paparazzi. The Aga Khan arrived, followed by Aly, who looked over the crowd and accoutrements and gave his appraisal: "Perfect, perfect."

On cue, a new, cream-colored Cadillac pulled up, and Hayworth emerged. She turned to the crowd, waving a white handkerchief in her black-gloved hand. The onlookers had no doubt they were watching a star. She was dressed in a Jacques Fath ankle-length dress of light blue crepe and a delicately floppy blue-veiled hat. Nervously she clutched the bouquet in her hand, then entered the room where the guests and groom were assembled. Aly placed a 32-carat diamond on Hayworth's finger, turning her into a princess.

Local citizens presented Aly with an official family book containing entries for a dozen children. During the reception at L'Horizon, white flowers that formed the couple's intertwined initials floated in a pool laced with perfume. Violinists on the roof played "La Vie en Rose." Hayworth cut a multi-tiered wedding cake with a great saber. Reporters grilled the couple about their plans. Aly, a lifelong horseman and gambler, said that he would attend the Derby at Epsom Downs. Hayworth, suddenly tired of interrogators and flashbulbs, sank down next to her new father-in-law. The Aga Khan had watched it all, and he summed it up for her: "Too much caviar,

KEN GALENTE/SILVER SCREEN

The Dancing Cansinos

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (1942) with Fred Astaire

KOBAL COLLECTION

Hayworth's hardly private private life excited fans more than many of her 61 movies. The actress was under contract to Columbia for 20 years—"deep slavery," she called it.

PHOTOFEST

COVER GIRL (1944) with Phil Silvers and Gene Kelly

Rita. Too much caviar.''

It would turn out to be too much everything. There was a brief, delirious time under the azure skies of the Riviera, and Hayworth soon gave birth to Princess Yasmin, a child who inherited her mother's looks and her father's wealth. But the following year there were reports of a rift in the marriage, and in April 1951 the actress admitted she and Aly had separated.

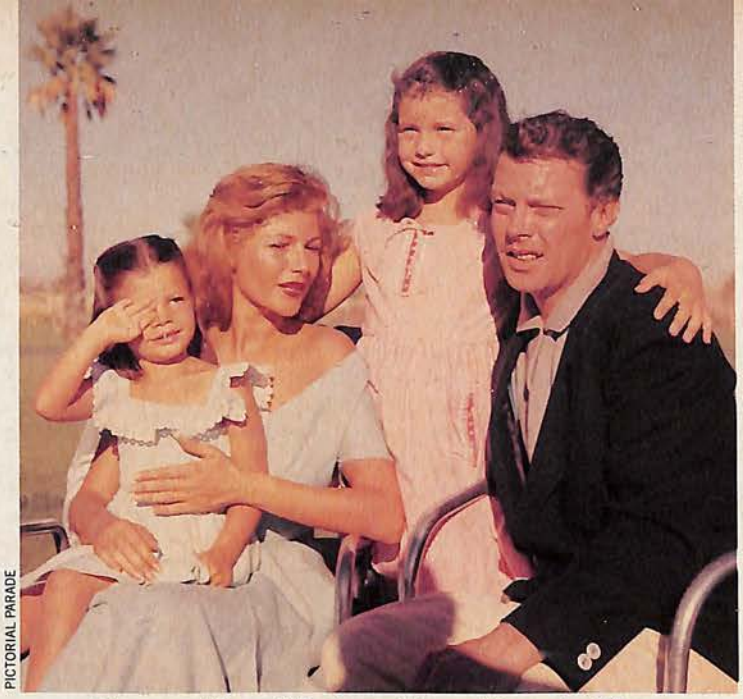
Years before, in publicly regretting his loss of Hayworth, Welles admitted that she was ''a beautiful girl, a lovely wife, a perfect mother. When we are together we have wonderful times. But I have varied interests and a man can't change himself.'' Now it was the same story all over again. Aly's ''extensive social obligations and far-flung interests were too heavy to bear,'' Hayworth said after the separation became public. ''I have concluded that a happy and contented home life, which I earnestly desire for my children and myself, is otherwise unattainable.'' Divorce action and a bitter custody battle over Yasmin lasted nearly two years. In 1953 Aly finally agreed to a $1.5 million settlement in a default divorce.

Seven years later, not far from the place where Hayworth and her prince had exchanged vows, his Alfa Romeo took a curve at high speed and piled into a tree. At 49, Prince Aly Khan was dead.

By then, Hayworth had returned to Hollywood. There were two more marriages, to singer Dick Haymes and producer/writer James H. Hill Jr. She concluded a 20-year career with Columbia Pictures playing a stripper-turned-socialite opposite Frank Sinatra in *Pal Joey* (1957). Over the next two years she gained new recognition from critics, for her dramatic roles in *Separate Tables* (1958) and *They Came to Cordura* (1959).

During the 60's Hayworth's career faltered, and sporadic appearances in a series of second-rate films did little to revive it. She felt imprisoned by her image. ''I'm an actress,'' she asserted in an interview. ''I have depth. I have feeling. But they don't care.'' Hayworth attempted a stage career in 1971 and won the lead role in *Applause*. But she was replaced long before opening night because she couldn't remember her lines.

By the late 1970's there were reports of public drunkenness. She often seemed lost, uncertain of which way to turn. On more than one occasion she telephoned police with reports of intruders in her Beverly Hills home. The police found nothing. She walked off movie sets and turned down major parts. ''She doesn't get jokes,'' her old friends noticed. ''She's slow on the uptake.'' No one knew quite what was wrong. As the rumors of alcoholism proliferated, her behavior became increasingly erratic. Abruptly, Hayworth decided that she no longer wanted to drive or go out by herself. One day Yasmin discovered that



PICTORIAL PARADE

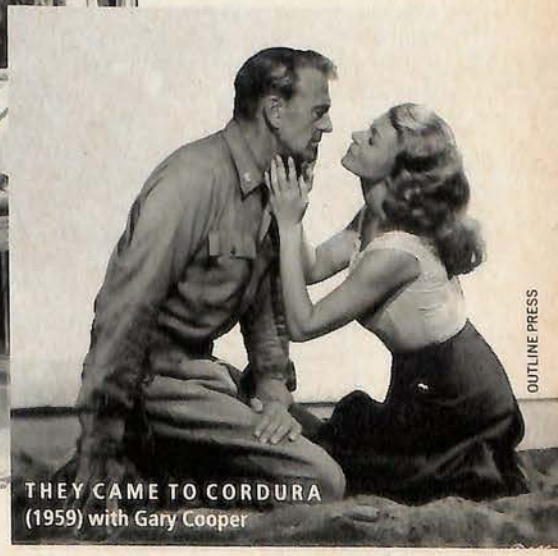
Hayworth, with daughters Yasmin Khan (on her lap) and Rebecca Welles (standing), thought she'd found true love at last with singer Dick Haymes, her fourth husband. She eventually left him.

KOBAL COLLECTION

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948) with Orson Welles

FREDERICK LEWIS, INC.

Show-stopper "Zip!" in PAL JOEY (1957)



OUTLINE PRESS

THEY CAME TO CORDURA (1959) with Gary Cooper

40 *years ago*

her 60-year-old mother could not recall the names of her closest friends.

Finally came a diagnosis. Hayworth wasn't an alcoholic; she had Alzheimer's disease, the neurological illness that causes a slow, irreversible disintegration of memory and mind. The victim descended into premature senility, a once beautiful vessel gradually emptied of intellect and emotion.

She watched Lynda Carter play *Rita Hayworth: The Love Goddess* in a TV movie, but it did little to improve her spirits. She moved to New York and to an apartment next door to Yasmin's but all too soon required round-the-clock nurses. At the end, she was confined to bed. "There was not even a glimmer of recognition of anyone the way there once had been," Yasmin said, after her mother's death in May 1987 at age 68. "She was not alert when her only grandson was born."

Yasmin, 39, is now devoted to fund raising for the Alzheimer's Disease and Related Disorders Association. (Her half-sister, Rebecca, 44, lives in Tacoma, Wash., out of the public spotlight.) Yasmin speaks of her mother with understandable melancholy. But to Hayworth's fans the actress remains a radiant star who lived out a great fantasy by becoming a real-life princess for a few golden years. Once, in her prime, Hayworth defined her appeal: "A girl is . . . a girl," she said. "It's nice to be told you're successful at it." And so she was. ■

STEFAN KANFER *was a film critic and senior editor at* Time *for more than 20 years. A* Summer World, *his nonfiction account of Catskill resorts, will be published later this year.*

Princess Yasmin

By Stewart Kampel

Formally, she is the Princess Yasmin Aga Khan, daughter of Prince Aly Khan and actress Rita Hayworth, granddaughter of the late Aga Khan III (who claimed direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed) and half-sister to the Aga Khan IV, spiritual leader of millions of Muslims on several continents.

To her personal secretary and staff she is The Prin*cess*, a whirlwind whose precious time must be rationed protectively. Close friends call her "Yazzie," and she is American through and through, from her long blonde mane—with a wave or two reminiscent of her mother's tresses—to the well-tailored clothes that adorn her lithe figure. She spends time at vacation homes in Southampton, N.Y., and Deer Valley, Utah, but lives mainly in a Manhattan apartment overlooking Central Park with her 3-year-old son, Andrew, and second husband Christopher M. Jeffries, a lawyer and real estate investor. (She was divorced from Basil Embiricos, a Greek shipping scion, in 1987 after two years of marriage.)

Hers is a largely quiet life, with one major exception: Moved by her mother's progressively debilitating struggle with Alzheimer's disease, she turned her attention to raising funds, primarily by organizing charity balls, for Alzheimer's research. Since she began supporting the Alzheimer's Disease and Related Disorders Association (ADRDA) in 1981—shortly after her mother's condition was diagnosed—Yasmin has raised almost $10 million. She has also raised public consciousness about the degenerative nerve disease and its harrowing effects on victims' families. After Hayworth's death in 1987, President Ronald Reagan praised Yasmin's "courage and candor" in bringing attention to the disease.

"I just felt I had to do it," she says. "It was frustrating to go from doctor to doctor trying to understand what was happening to my mother, who was diagnosed as an alcoholic. Yes, she drank, but her odd behavior continued after she stopped. I was upset, deeply upset, but each time I understood more about the disease, I got stronger."

What was once a handful of chapters of the Chicago-based ADRDA has grown to more than 200, and there are some 1,200 family-support groups throughout the country. "People know who we are, that we're here to help," says Yasmin. "When you see a family member exhibiting all sorts of unusual behavior and you can't fathom it, it's very depressing. You feel guilty. I was ready to collapse." Fortunately, Yasmin remembers, she was approached by ADRDA and agreed to work with the group, then operating on an annual budget of just $80,000. She is now vice president of that group and also serves as president of Alzheimer's Disease International, which she helped found in 1985.

Yasmin's mostly happy childhood was heavily chronicled by the press. Her father even called a press conference to announce her birth in Lausanne, Switzerland, in 1949. When her parents divorced four years later, Yasmin traded the palatial luxury of her father's homes in Paris and on the French Riviera for the tinseled luxury of her mother's home in Beverly Hills. (Each summer, Aly Khan posted a $100,000 bond to assure Hayworth that he would return Yasmin to the United States after her annual six-week visit.)

"My daddy was wonderful," Yasmin recalls, "spoiling me to death with toys. He always took me to F.A.O. Schwartz to buy stuffed animals." He also took her horseback riding and boating and taught her tennis, a game she still plays avidly. One gloomy note: "My father would entertain 20 or so for lunch and I would be sent to my room for my nap. I hated that. I would sneak out and watch them from my balcony."

At the age of five, she danced the cancan as a birthday gift for her grandfather, the Aga, a moment captured by *Life* photographers. "I have fond memories of him," she says. Yasmin occasionally visits her step-grandmother, Yvette, and sees her half-brother, the Aga Khan IV, about once a year. She rarely sees her half-sister, Rebecca Welles, who lives in Tacoma, Wash.

After her 1973 graduation from Bennington College in Vermont, where she majored in music, Yasmin continued to study singing and became, she says, a fairly skilled lyric coloratura. But when her mother became ill, she abandoned plans to sing professionally. Today she says she has no regrets.

Yasmin frequently attends charity functions but prefers small dinner parties with friends, many of whom are chums from school. Her second wedding, which took place in her Manhattan apartment last February, was a civil ceremony, out of respect to both parents. "I believe very much in God," she explains. "My mother was raised a strict Catholic. Father wanted me to be a Muslim. Religion was left to my own choosing. I was brought up in the United States and went to church. I'm a person of the world, a child of God." ■

STEWART KAMPEL *is editor of the Long Island Weekly section of* The New York Times.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY PETER GREGOIRE

"You feel guilty," says Yasmin Khan of her mother, Rita Hayworth, "when you see a family member exhibiting all sorts of unusual behavior." Today Yasmin is deeply involved in raising money for Alzheimer's disease research.

40 YEARS AGO: HARRY WINSTON BUYS THE HOPE DIAMOND

Would the notorious gem bring misfortune to its latest owner, as it had to so many others? Nonsense, said Winston. It would bring him luck.

The 45-Carat Curse

By Murray Schumach

On April 5, 1949, an armored post office truck delivered a small package to a townhouse across the street from St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City. The package looked like a shoe box. Waiting for it, in addition to its eager buyer and several policemen, was a crowd of reporters who would soon write lurid tales about its contents. Would the package bring tragedy to its latest purchaser? Quite possibly, many speculated.

For in this package, among 74 brooches, necklaces, bracelets and gems, was the Hope diamond. At 45.5 flawless carats, it was the largest blue diamond in the world. And it was believed by millions to carry a terrible curse.

But the small, cocky man buying the jewels was not worried. He saw in the aura of this oval diamond the opportunity he had been seeking for many years. He would use it, he vowed, to become the most renowned gem dealer in the world, more celebrated, even, than the elite Tiffany, Cartier, and Van Cleef & Arpels. Not only was he willing to face the curse, he had paid $1.2 million for the privilege, beating out three dozen competitors in yearlong negotiations.

To reporters who pressed him about the curse, Harry Winston had a cool reply. "It's not the diamonds but the people who handle them that cause misfortune," he said. "As a matter of fact, I feel particularly happy."

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

Not only was the Hope flawless, but it was also the largest blue diamond in the world. Winston paid $1.2 million for the privilege of owning it, outbidding dozens of competitors.

With more than 30 years in the business, Winston knew better than most the tales of misfortunes that had befallen previous owners of the Hope. The gem earned its curse in the 17th century, legend has it, after it was plucked from the eye of a Hindu temple goddess in India by a daring French gem dealer, Jean Baptiste Tavernier. He was reportedly devoured by wolves.

Tavernier had sold the diamond to King Louis XIV of France. The Sun King apparently escaped the curse, living in luxury and holding the throne for 72 years, but his descendants did not fare as well. The gem passed into the hands of Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette, who were guillotined during the French Revolution. Disappearing after a theft of the crown jewels, the gem next turned up in the possession of Wilhelm Fals, a Dutch diamond cutter, whose son Hendrik stole it and then killed himself in remorse.

The curse continued to our own century, when the Sultan of Turkey shot his mistress, to whom he had earlier given the diamond. After the Sultan was deposed, the gem went to a Greek broker, who, along with his wife and child, was killed in a fall from a cliff. A French jeweler, Jacques Celot, went mad while in possession of the diamond. A Russian prince, Ivan Kanitovski,

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

killed his lover the day after presenting it to her and was later himself stabbed to death.

Eventually the gem was purchased by an English banker, Henry Philip Hope, who gave it his name. In 1911, after its acquisition by Pierre Cartier (who apparently suffered no ill effects from ownership), the diamond was purchased by Edward Beale McLean, multimillionaire publisher of the *Washington Post*, for his wife, Evalyn Walsh McLean. Scoffing at the curse, she wore the gem to society balls and lavish parties. The McLeans' son was killed in an automobile accident. Later a daughter died of an overdose of sleeping pills. On his part, Edward Beale McLean suffered political scandal and financial disaster before dying in a mental institution. After Mrs. McLean died in 1947, newspapers reported that she had been a morphine addict.

Two years later, Harry Winston bought the Hope diamond.

As unimpressed by the actual jewel as he was by its curse, his first impulse was to recut it to improve its brilliance. (It would not have been the first time the stone was altered; in Louis XIV's day, it had weighed 112 carats.) Wisely, however, Winston left the diamond intact, allowing the media to send glowing reports of its "perfection" to the four corners of the world.

Winston then put the diamond to work for him, reaping a second harvest of publicity by lending it to museums. Next he formed a "Court of Jewels," a collection of his most precious gems, and, with the Hope as its centerpiece, sent it to charity fund-raisers from coast to coast. Winston's best salesmen never missed the opportunity to attend these affairs and meet the wealthy people the collection attracted. "As my uncle had foreseen," says Winston's nephew, Richard, today a vice president of the firm, "some of them became our customers. Quite a few, in fact."

By 1960 business was so good that Winston moved his offices into a gleaming six-story travertine mansion at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street. From his early days as an upstart with a gambling spirit and a passion for expensive diamonds, he had become a worthy competitor of his Fifth Avenue colleagues. Whereas the other citadels of fine jewelry welcomed browsers off the street, Winston did not. To see his collection one needed an appointment. Purchases were made in private. Winston himself, wearing no jewelry except plain cufflinks, now dressed conservatively in dark suits.

Though he had many opportunities to sell the Hope diamond at a considerable profit, only once was he tempted to do so, when a French bidder told Winston he wanted to donate the Hope to the Louvre. No doubt it was that offer that started Winston thinking of donating the Hope diamond himself, to the Smithsonian Institution. "This is the wealthiest nation in the world," he once mused to his nephew. "It ought to have a great gem collection."

COURTESY OF HARRY WINSTON, INC.

The diamond's gift to Harry Winston: A long and prosperous life.

Such a gift, he reasoned, would also be an ideal way to confirm his new status as merchant-aristocrat. In presenting the diamond to the Smithsonian on behalf of her husband on Nov. 10, 1958, Edna Winston said, "Not a bit of bad luck it has brought us. Instead it has been good luck, not only for us, but for a great many people as it traveled thousands of miles raising money for charity."

Unlike Tiffany and Cartier, Harry Winston, Inc., remains a family-owned business, now headed by son Ronald, who took over following his father's death in 1978 at the age of 82. Ronald, who like his father scoffs at the notion of a curse, recalls Harry removing the diamond from his office vault to admire and even caress it. "In fact," Ronald remembers, "he used to let me play with it when I was 8 or 9 years old."

Nor, in three decades at the Smithsonian, where the Hope continues to draw long lines of tourists attracted as much by its legend as by its beauty, is there any evidence of a curse at work (though museum officials have received scores of letters urging them to get rid of it). Still, the curse has skipped a generation or two in its 300-year history before. Perhaps its wicked power simply lies dormant. But who knows for how long? ■

MURRAY SCHUMACH *was a reporter for* The New York Times *for 40 years. He is the author of* The Diamond People.

The Perfect Gift

There is a great deal of soul-searching going on in this country as to why things have gone wrong in Washington. The Republicans blame the Democrats. The Democrats blame Willie Horton. Both parties blame Congress. Congress blames the Federal budget deficit. Wall Street blames rising interest rates and/or the falling dollar.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

The one thing everyone seems in agreement on is that we're in a mess. The only thing no one is in agreement on is how we got into it.

I can now reveal the exact date and hour when things started going downhill in the United States. I can also reveal, for the first time, the reason why.

On Nov. 10, 1958, at 11 A.M., a small brown package insured for $1 million was delivered to the Smithsonian Institution. Inside was the famous Hope diamond, a gift to the United States from Harry Winston, who was one of America's most famous jewelers.

The Smithsonian was thrilled to have such a beautiful stone to display to the public. But what the American officials did not take into consideration was that the diamond had a curse on it.

The Hope diamond has brought nothing but grief to its owners, and whoever accepted it on behalf of the United States in 1958 did this country a great disservice. Anyone who recalls what went on before 1958 and compares it to what is going on now knows we made a terrible mistake.

The only question is, what do we do about it? One suggestion is that we present the Hope diamond as a gift to the Soviet Union. President Bush could drop it off at the Kremlin during his first official visit to Moscow.

If the Soviets refuse to accept it, there's always Muammar el-Qaddafi. What better way of showing we want to be friends with the Libyan leader than to give it to Qaddafi to wear around the tent?

Write your Congressman before it's too late!

—Art Buchwald

40 YEARS AGO: RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN DAZZLE BROADWAY

Audiences discovered a new American art form—popular opera—when they flocked to South Pacific. *The show hit like a tidal wave.*

Some Enchanted Evening

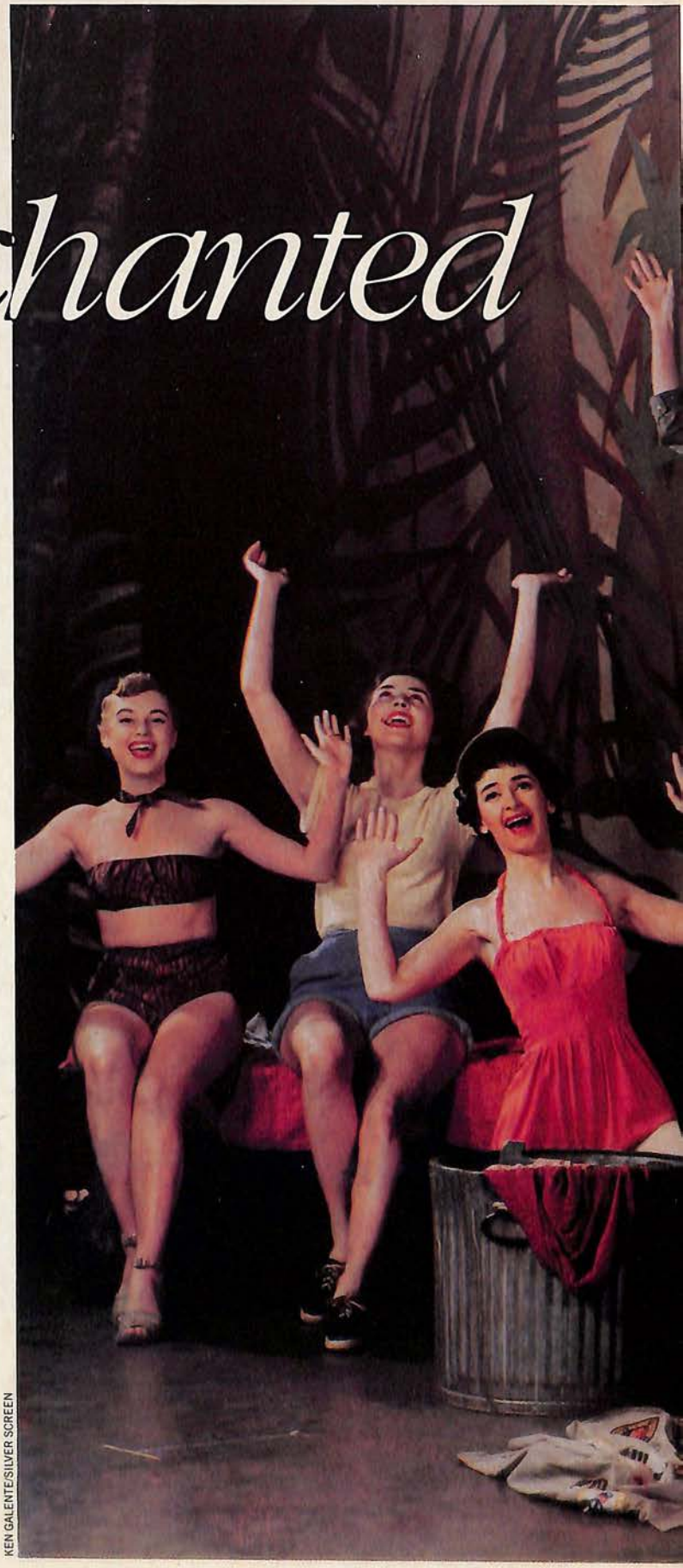
By Christopher Porterfield

A MARQUIS WANTED A PAIR AS A WEDDING PRESENT. A SUpreme Court Justice suggested they would do just fine as a fee for a speech. A Russian baritone forfeited a chance to sing at Carnegie Hall in order to use his. Tickets to the new hit musical *South Pacific* were among life's most sought-after treasures for anyone anywhere near Broadway 40 years ago. From the moment the production opened on April 7, 1949, the box office was besieged—every performance sold out—and the scalpers were in clover. ''Let's hope the Lord will make it easier for these two gifted men to get into heaven than it is for us to get into *South Pacific*,'' said U.N. Secretary General Carlos P. Romulo at a luncheon honoring the show's composer, Richard Rodgers, and its writer-lyricist, Oscar Hammerstein II.

South Pacific rolled over Broadway like ''a tidal wave,'' as

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

Leading lady Mary Martin "washed that man right out" of her hair more than 1000 times. The show delighted New York audiences for five years.



KEN GALENTE/SILVER SCREEN

SHOWER 15¢
USE OF SOAP 5¢
NO TOWELS
SUPPLIED
USN

40 *years ago*

a *New York Sun* headline put it. And no wonder. The Rodgers and Hammerstein team had long been synonymous with marquee magic. Three years after the end of World War II, the public yearned for the sort of bittersweet perspective on the war the show provided. The female lead, Mary Martin, was a darling of Broadway who captured theatergoers' hearts with her show-stopping number, ''I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair,'' in which she actually took a shower and shampoo onstage while singing. And the male lead, Ezio Pinza, was a distinguished Metropolitan Opera basso who had aroused great curiosity by venturing into the realm of musical theater.

Furthermore, the show was that rarest of popular phenomenons, an artistic breakthrough. As *Variety* pointed out at the time, *South Pacific* was ''as far removed from the conventional-type musical as the Ballet Russe is from a session of ring-around-the-rosie.'' Instead of frothy diversion, it offered a strong, believable story about racial tolerance and a plot that included a tragic turn. The authors had jettisoned the traditional chorus line of most musicals, along with the old-hat blackouts and encores that would interrupt a show's dramatic flow.

In *South Pacific* Rodgers and Hammerstein advanced their effort—begun in 1943 with *Oklahoma!* and continuing two years later with *Carousel*—to create a tightly knit, unified musical in which everything, especially the score, advanced the drama. Not for nothing did *South Pacific* call itself ''a musical play.''

If the play was the thing, the music nevertheless stood beautifully on its own. The score contained many of Rodgers and Hammerstein's most beguiling songs: ''Some Enchanted Evening,'' ''I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy,'' ''Bali Ha'i,'' ''Younger Than Springtime'' and ''This Nearly Was Mine.''

Based on novelist James A. Michener's Pulitzer Prize-winning *Tales From the South Pacific*, the play was set on a Polynesian island occupied by American Seabees and Navy nurses during World War II. Mary Martin played Nellie Forbush, a gee-whiz Midwestern nurse who falls in love with a French plantation owner, Emile de Becque. The choice of the mature, gray-haired Ezio Pinza, then 57, to play the lead romantic interest was one of the show's many departures from convention. Another was using the subplot as a poignant variation on the central story rather than comic relief. In the subplot, a young Navy lieutenant, Joe Cable, has a love affair with a native girl before he is killed on a mission behind Japanese lines. (Comic relief was supplied by the shenanigans of a swindling Seabee named Luther Billis and a souvenir-peddling native, Bloody Mary.)

It was ''an utterly and completely happy show,'' remembers Martin. ''We all loved doing it. We couldn't *wait* to get to the theater. *South Pacific* was the greatest opportunity I ever had.''

It came about after director Joshua Logan urged Richard Rodgers to read *Tales From the South Pacific*. Logan and producer Leland Hayward were convinced it had the makings of a terrific musical. When Rodgers and, later, Hammerstein agreed, the four men joined forces. They secured the rights to the book, eventually combining three of Michener's individual stories to form the outline of the show.

BILLY ROSE THEATRE COLLECTION/NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Richard Rodgers, director Joshua Logan, Oscar Hammerstein II and producer Leland Hayward brought Michener's stories to the stage.

Pinza, on his part, was eager to change the direction of his career, and he had asked Edwin Lester, a West Coast producer, to look for a musical for him. But when Lester approached Rodgers and Hammerstein about casting Pinza in their new show, the pair hesitated. True, Pinza was a star (albeit an *opera* star), a virile, magnetic figure known for his acting as well as his singing in such roles as Don Giovanni, Figaro and Boris Godunov. But Pinza spoke with a heavy Italian accent, and the only recording he had made in English, a Negro spiritual, was not encouraging. Dutifully, Rodgers went to a radio studio to watch Pinza perform. He was struck, he later recalled, ''by the way the audience reacted to his personality.'' Convinced by his charisma, the producers signed Pinza over lunch at New York's Plaza Hotel.

There was never the slightest doubt about whom they wanted for the role of Nellie. Mary Martin was then on tour with *Annie Get Your Gun*, a show that had deepened her low alto. ''Why would you want two basses?'' she asked when she heard that Pinza would sing the male lead role. She was also wary of singing on the same stage with a great opera star. Rodgers came to reassure her. ''I've thought it out carefully, Mary,'' he said. ''You will never have to sing in opposition to Pinza. You'll sing in *contrast* to him.'' Still, it was only after Martin and her husband/manager, Richard Halliday, heard a few songs from the score that she relented.

Things then began to move quickly. Director Logan went to Hammerstein's Doylestown, Pa., farm to advise him on military details and ended up co-writing the entire story. Once Hammerstein turned to the lyrics, Rodgers produced melodies with astonishing facility.

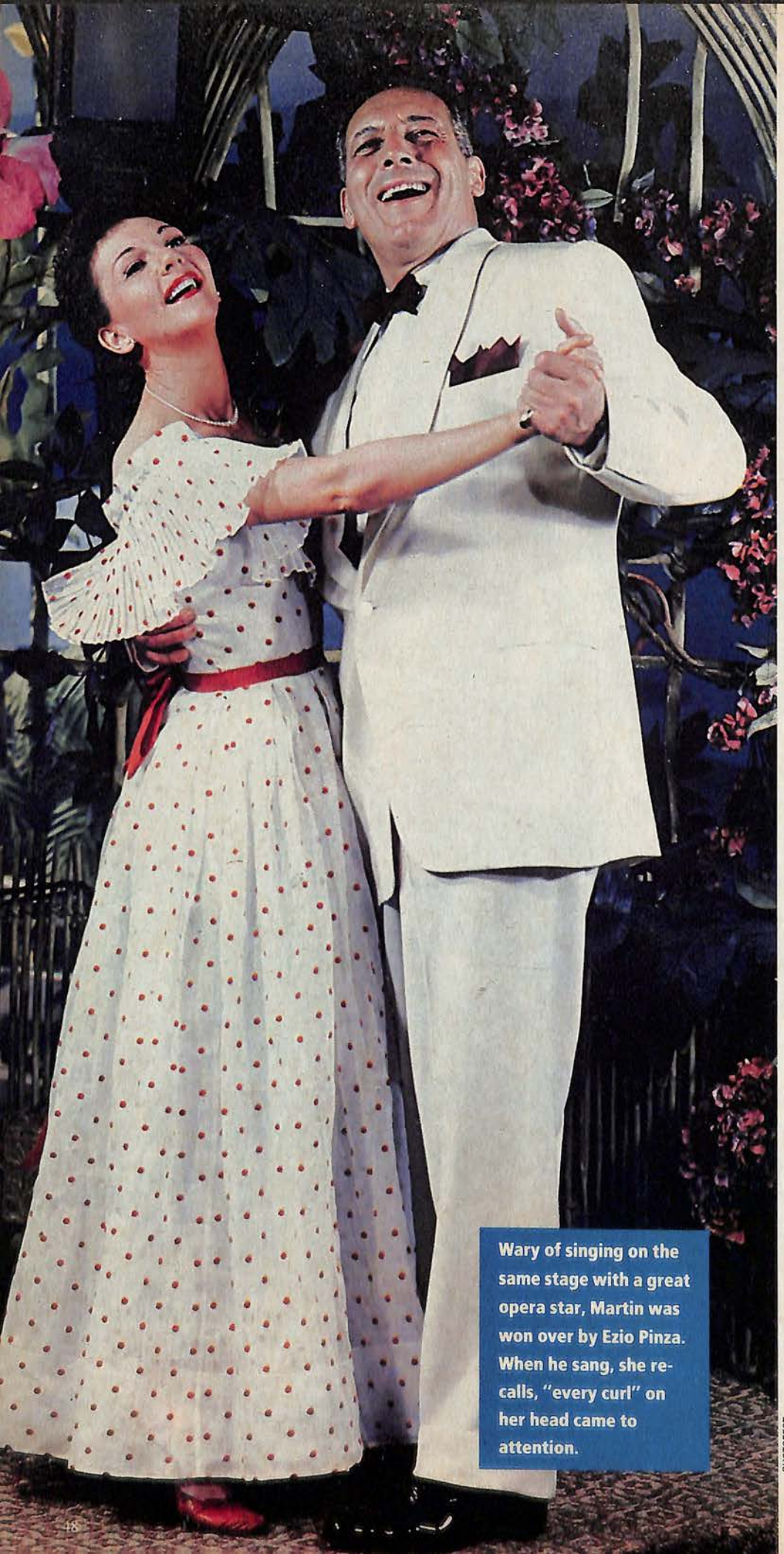
The lyrics for ''Bali Ha'i,'' for instance, arrived by messenger while Rodgers was having dinner at Logan's Manhattan apartment. Rodgers studied the typewritten sheet for a moment, pushed his coffee aside and began jotting. The languorous melody was finished in five minutes.

Such speed belied the long process that actually lay behind Rodgers's compositions. ''For months,'' he later recalled, ''Oscar and I had been talking about a song for Bloody Mary that would evoke the exotic, mystical powers of a South Seas island. As soon as I read the words I could hear the music to go with them.''

Logan rehearsed the whole cast in one place, instead of following the common practice of preparing segments separately and combining them shortly before opening night. He wanted the scenes to unfold in an overlapping, cinematic style. Logan worked out a sophisticated musical struc-

JOHN SWOPE/BILLY ROSE THEATRE COLLECTION/NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

It was "an utterly and completely happy show," remembers Martin. Comic relief was supplied by the shenanigans of a swindling Seabee in Polynesian drag and a souvenir-peddling islander.



Wary of singing on the same stage with a great opera star, Martin was won over by Ezio Pinza. When he sang, she recalls, "every curl" on her head came to attention.

PHOTOFEST

ture with Rodgers and his associate, Trude Rittman. Thematic orchestral interludes were developed to underline the drama, illuminate a character's feelings or set the tone for a coming scene. Such structure became a hallmark of future Rodgers and Hammerstein shows.

On the first day of rehearsals, in February 1949, Logan revealed his intention to impose on dance numbers a more realistic type of movement, making them a natural part of the action. In ''There Is Nothin' Like a Dame,'' for example, Logan directed the clumsy Seabees to pace restlessly like caged animals. The movement suggested the Seabees were ''killing time till the end of the war, till the chance of seeing women again,'' Logan said later.

Logan and actor Myron McCormick, who played Luther Billis, had been classmates at Princeton. Logan turned the virtuosic gyrations that had earned McCormick beers at fraternity parties into Billis's outrageous belly dance in Polynesian drag.

Martin herself came up with the idea for the famous shower scene. She had cut her hair extremely short as a relief from the shoulder-length locks of *Annie Get Your Gun*. It dried quickly after a shampoo, fast enough, she realized, for her to actually wash it onstage. ''How about it?'' she asked the show's creators. Hammerstein obligingly wrote ''I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair.''

But another Martin inspiration flopped, quite literally. As a tomboy in Texas she had loved doing cartwheels, and she thought one would make a stirring finale to ''I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy.'' Blinded by stage lights during a run-through, she catapulted right into the orchestra pit, landing on Rittman at the keyboard and conductor Salvatore Dell'Isola. Although no one was seriously hurt, the idea was abandoned.

Meanwhile, Pinza was struggling with his English. A word like ''sugar'' came out ''sooker.'' He sang ''some enshonted ev-a-ning.'' Logan, in despair, wanted to replace him. But Rodgers and Hammerstein had themselves been enchanted by Pinza's voice and stage presence. Martin, too, had been won over. ''She wanted Pinza to succeed,'' Logan said. ''She knew that if the audience loved Pinza, they would know why Nellie Forbush did.''

By the time out-of-town tryouts began in March, the theater community was buzzing; word had spread that the show was shaping up as extraordinarily inventive, cohesive and lively. Rave reviews in New Haven and Boston confirmed the rumors. The following month, Rodgers, Hammerstein, Logan and Hayward delivered the anticipated smash to Broadway.

So confident were the producers that they threw a lavish opening-night party on the roof of the St. Regis Hotel and ordered hundreds of early editions of *The New York Times*. The paper's drama critic, Brooks Atkinson, did not disappoint. He called the show "a magnificent music drama, as lively, warm, fresh, and beautiful as we all hoped it would be." Howard Barnes, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, hailed "a show of rare enchantment. It is novel in texture and treatment, rich in dramatic substance, and eloquent in song." *South Pacific* was not just a theatrical event. It became an institution symbolizing an era.

Suddenly stores were blossoming with *South Pacific* lingerie, cosmetics, scarves and perfume licensed by the producers. Martin's close-cropped hair became the latest look. Pinza acquired a following only dimly aware of his operatic past. The original cast album sold more than two million copies. In 1950 the show won nine Tony Awards and the Drama Critics Circle Award as best musical. The same year, it became only the second musical ever to win a Pulitzer Prize for drama (the first was George Gershwin's *Of Thee I Sing*, in 1932). The show's backers ultimately netted a huge return, as high as 50 to 1 by some estimates.

The only cloud was caused by steam, as Martin and Pinza began their battle of the radiator. It was located in a hallway between their dressing rooms, and Pinza liked it hot, Martin cold. Off and on went the radiator as the war escalated. At one point, with the radiator at its hottest, Pinza removed the control knob. And when Pinza took a few days off, Martin had the entire radiator taken away. Upon his return he approached her, smiling. "Texas, you win," he said, with characteristic dash.

"He was the most earthy, peasant, darling man," Martin later wrote. "And the chemistry, I cannot tell you. In the first-act soliloquy, we sang on opposite sides of the stage. The music swelled and Ezio walked toward me, carrying a brandy glass. Every time he started my way, a spark came across like nothing that ever happened to me before and will never happen again. Every curl on my little knucklehead began to stand up, straight on end, all the way, every night and twice on matinee days."

Pinza left *South Pacific* after a year to try his luck in movies. After three lackluster films, he returned to Broadway in the 1954 musical *Fanny*—a modest hit, but no *South Pacific*. He died in 1957 at age 64.

Martin stayed with *South Pacific* for two years, left, then reopened the play in London in November 1951. The show played there to packed houses for more than a year, though British critics proved more resistant to its charms than their American counterparts had been (*South Soporific*, one British reviewer called it).

A London bonus for Martin was having son Larry Hagman in the cast. The future J. R. Ewing (*Dallas*) was then a skinny 18-year-old playing a Seabee. "He could sing," Martin explains. "Still can—but he won't." In January 1954 Martin returned to the Majestic Theatre for the production's final Broadway performance. *South Pacific* had played to 1,925 New York audiences over nearly five years, making it, at the time, the second longest-running Broadway musical, behind *Oklahoma!*

After the curtain calls that final night, Myron McCormick, who was still in the cast, invited the audience to join the actors in singing "Auld Lang Syne." But the show did not end that night. A road company went on touring the nation. Other troupes were playing in Europe and Australia. A successful film version opened in 1958. Present-day revivals continue; one played London through January and is touring England now.

Martin never lost her identification with *South Pacific*, but she did go on to other triumphs: *Peter Pan* in 1954; another Rodgers and Hammerstein classic, *The Sound of Music*, in 1959, and two versions of *Hello, Dolly!* in 1965, one a London production, the other with a company that toured Asia and entertained U.S. troops in Vietnam. After her husband's death in 1973, she left the Brazilian home where they had lived intermittently for two decades and relocated in California.

Martin sang with tenor Placido Domingo at the Hollywood Bowl last summer (her reluctance about sharing the stage with opera singers long behind her). She also participated in a tribute to Kurt Weill last December in New York and was scheduled to appear at Ronald and Nancy Reagan's California homecoming party in January. She is currently talking to West Coast producers about doing a one-woman show based on her own career and is even considering another musical.

During the New Haven tryout of *South Pacific*, Pinza compared musical comedy to opera. "The approach is different, but the preparation is just as serious," he said. "There is lovely music. There is richness. We approach a new American art form, a popular kind of American opera. Perhaps, 50 years from now, *South Pacific* will last as well as some of our operas."

With 10 years left to his crystal-ball vision, Pinza—indubitably a great performer—is looking like a pretty good prophet as well. ■

CHRISTOPHER PORTERFIELD *is a senior editor at* Time *magazine.*

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

RALPH DOMINGUEZ/GLOBE PHOTOS

In 1951 Martin embarked for London with husband/manager Richard Halliday, daughter Heller and son Larry Hagman, who appeared as a skinny Seabee in the British production. Martin, at age 75, is currently considering a one-woman show based on her own career.

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APRIL AND MAY

30

years ago

GLOBE PHOTOS

IKE: Names Herter Sec. of State

ONE STEP FORWARD Oklahoma, by popular vote, ends 51 years of Prohibition . . . Ford wins battle with Chrysler to use name Falcon . . . Texas Co. changes name to Texaco Inc.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

COMING AND GOING **Bolshoi Ballet arrives for eight-week tour of U.S. . . . First Soviet census in 20 years puts population at 208.8 million . . . Clare Luce resigns briefly-held post of Ambassador to Brazil, citing criticism by Senator Wayne Morse.**

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

PASSING YEARS Architect Frank Lloyd Wright dies at 89 . . . Harry Truman celebrates 75th birthday . . . Benjamin O. Davis becomes first black major general . . . J. Edgar Hoover marks 35th year as number-one G-man.

MARVIN KONER/BLACK STAR

GLOBE PHOTOS

SPEED **Willie Shoemaker wins second Kentucky Derby, on Tommy Lee . . . Lyman J. Briggs determines that baseball thrown 100 feet, spinning at 1,800 r.p.m., can curve 17.5 inches.**

REASONS John Wayne refuses to endorse American Express Travelers Cheques, explaining that he carries "$3,000 to $4,000 in cash at all times" . . . Elizabeth Taylor converts to Judaism, adopts ceremonial name Elisheba Rachel . . . Gary Cooper converts from Episcopalian to Roman Catholic, his wife's religion . . . Edward Teller suggests exploding a nuclear charge 100 million miles away to test Einstein theory that all radiation travels at same speed, 186,000 miles per second.

NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

NOW SHOWING Three Stooges make big TV comeback with release of 194 two-reelers . . . Broadway hits: Archibald MacLeish's *JB*, Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*.

COMING RIGHT UP:

JAY HIRSCH

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

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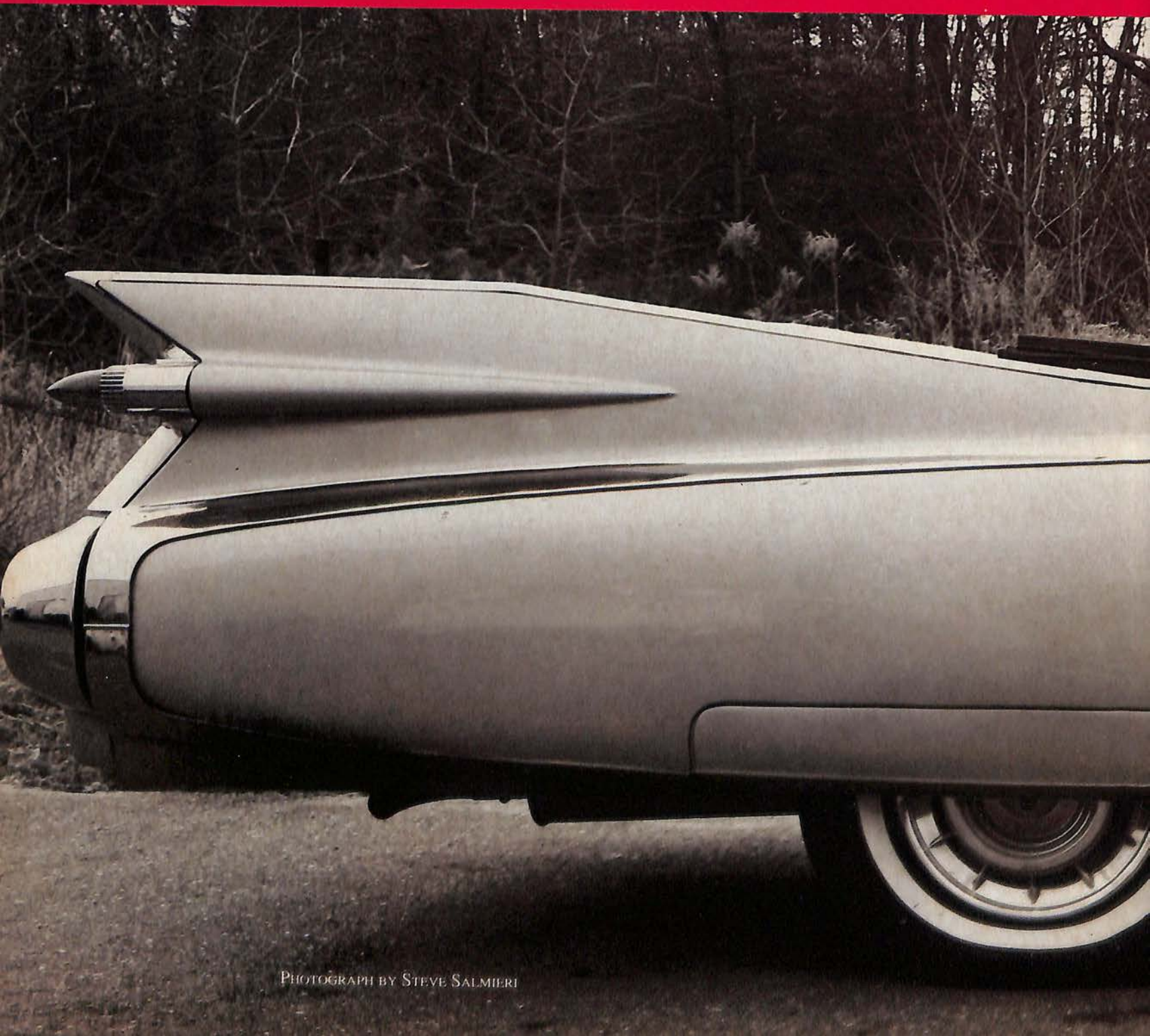


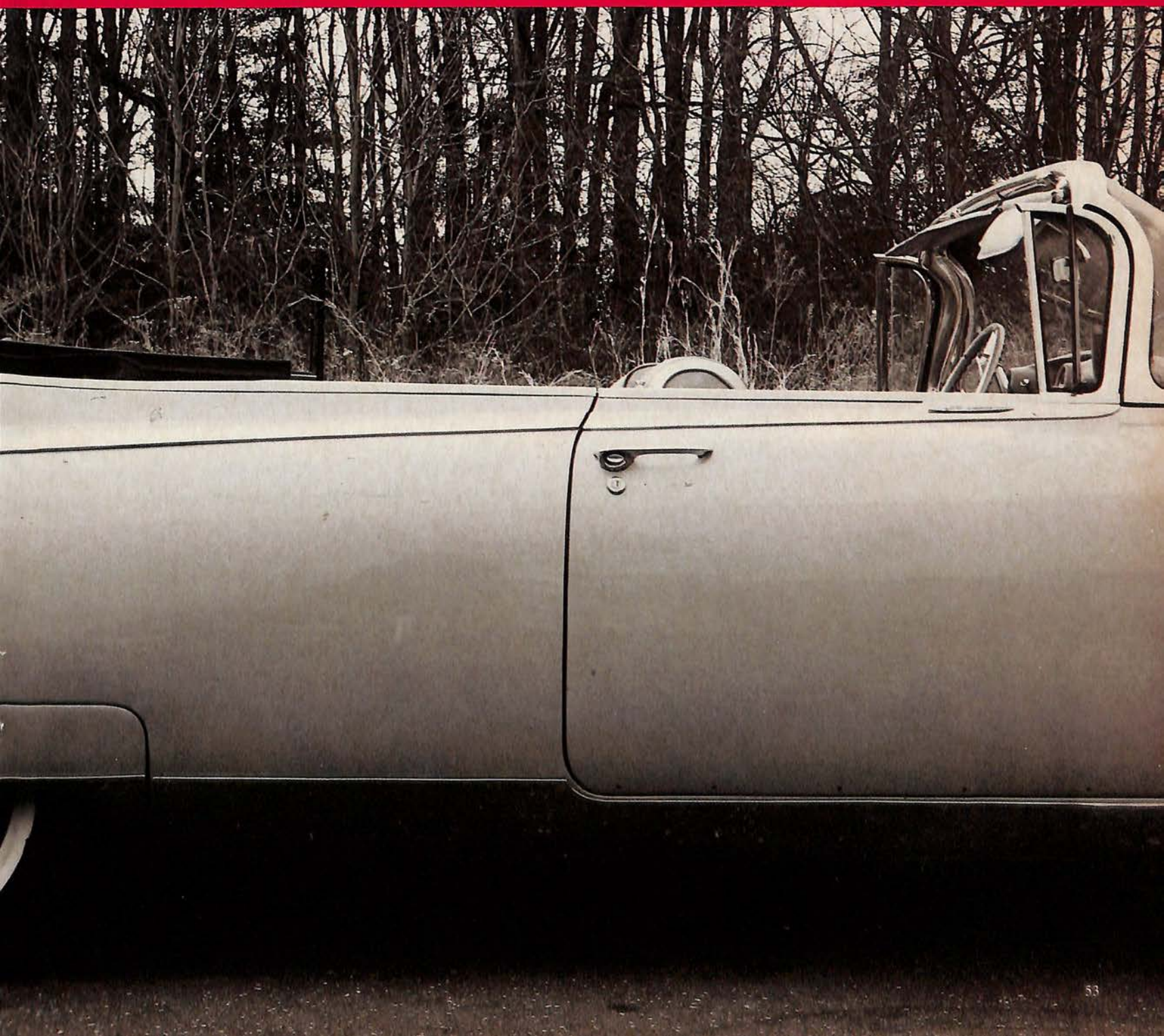
Photograph by Steve Salmieri

ic!

30 YEARS AGO: THE 'ULTIMATE' TAIL FIN TAKES TO THE ROAD

The era of the lavishly decorated automobile reached its peak on the sweeping rear deck of the '59 Caddy.

By Owen Edwards

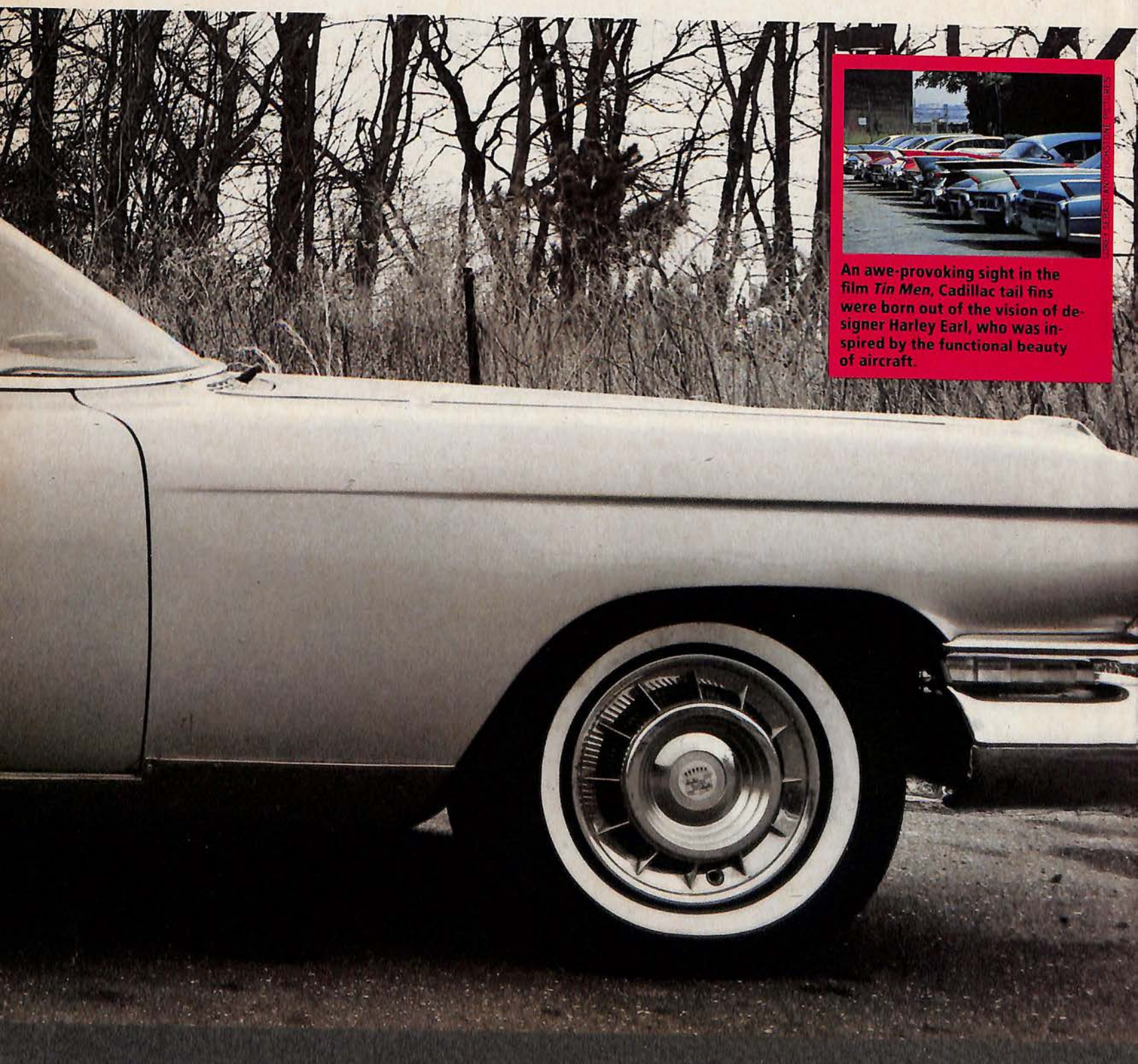


An inspired moment in the 1987 film *Tin Men* depicts aluminum-siding salesmen arriving for work, circa 1960, each driving a late-model Cadillac. The director focuses on the fantastic array of tail fins as Caddy after Caddy pulls into a parking lot with drill-team precision. In some of us the scene arouses a kind of awe, like a royal wedding procession.

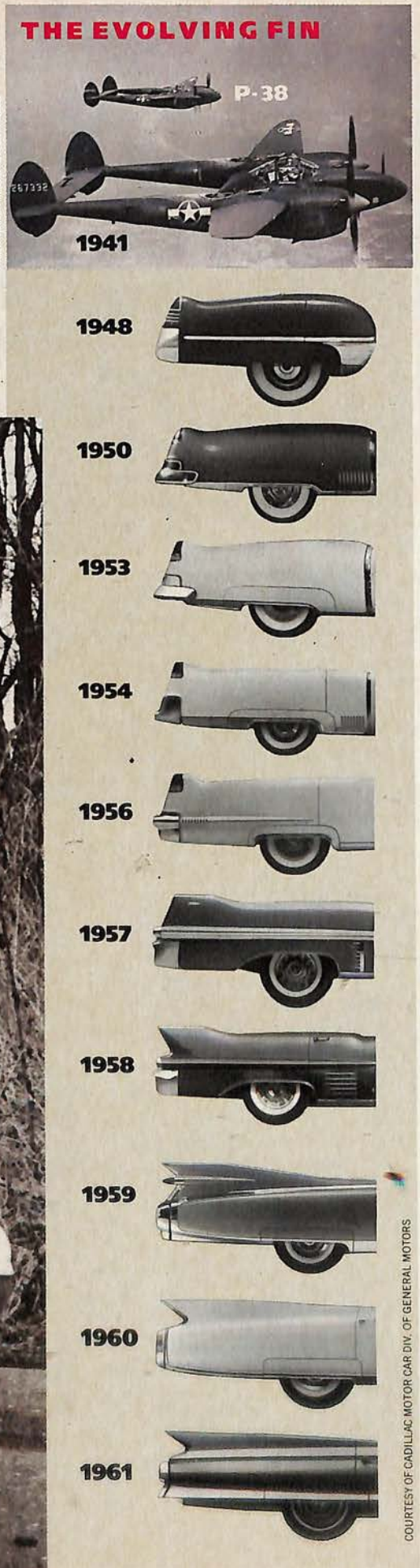
The tail fin symbolizes the American auto industry's imperial age, a time of high style and low silhouettes, of annual model changes that created a profitable cycle of enchantment and ennui, of lavish layerings of gorp, a designer's term for chrome decoration and other nonessentials. It was a time when a secretary of defense (and former G.M. chief) could say without hesitation, "What's good for General Motors is good for America."

In this world according to gorp, the tail fin was a kind of manifesto declaring the once and future supremacy of Detroit. And 30 years ago its vivid culmination was unveiled, appended to the sweeping rear deck of the quintessential American chariot, the 1959 Cadillac. Rising a full 12 inches above the car's rear fender line, these ultimate fins carried the eye upward, visually lightening by at least 1,000 pounds the two-ton monster. With this version, tail fins became truly de*fin*itive.

Appropriately, perhaps, they also spelled *fin* to an epoch. Nothing as unabashedly extravagant as the '59 Caddy would ever be built in Detroit again. Even before the car was introduced, the dominion of the American auto industry had begun to erode. In 1958 the Ford Motor Company had contrived the Edsel, one of the



An awe-provoking sight in the film *Tin Men*, Cadillac tail fins were born out of the vision of designer Harley Earl, who was inspired by the functional beauty of aircraft.



most carefully planned cars in auto history and one of the most disastrous flops. In the same way that America's rejection of the sack dress tore at the idea that the fashion industry could dictate trends to women, the failure of the Edsel refuted the notion that people would buy whatever Detroit offered. (Actually, there wasn't that much wrong with the Edsel; people just didn't like it.)

The origin of the '59 fin can be traced to World War II and to a visionary named Harley Earl, a California custom-car builder who had become chief of design for General Motors. Earl claimed he first got the idea the day he glimpsed a new fighter plane, the Lockheed P-38. In the aircraft's unique design, the fuselage was placed between two outriggers containing the engines, fuel tanks and double tail fins.

Earl was attracted to the functional beauty of aircraft, and he tucked the details of the P-38's design into his memory, there to simmer until they found expression in small tail fins on the 1948 model Cadillac. By the rococo standards of later years, these were little more than stylistic afterthoughts, like the cautious flourish at the end of a bureaucrat's signature. But only a year later Earl designed a one-of-a-kind car, called the LeSabre, whose fins were dramatically larger. The car's grille and tail decoration clearly imitated the F-86 Saberjet. Earl liked the look so much he drove the car himself, no doubt to arouse his Cadillac-owner friends in the affluent Detroit suburb of Grosse Pointe.

Despite Earl's enthusiasm for these early tail fins, consumer response was sluggish. For eight years he bided his time, and Cadillac design remained conservative. Earl finally decided the right moment was at hand when he went to work on the '57 models, applying to the stately Eldorado the elaborate fins he had first designed for the LeSabre. In the 1958 cars they grew larger, and by the next year his vision was completely realized.

The 1959 Cadillac was formidable, gargantuan, swashbuckling, theatrical, arrogant, astonishing and perhaps a bit lurid. But no word describes the car better than ''sensuous.'' Its sculptural lines moved the eye from the chrome-bright prow back along an extraordinary length of shaped steel toward the swoop of twin dorsals, perhaps as memorable a personal trademark as any ever created by an American automobile designer.

Of course, there were those who thought Earl had gone too far. Indeed, the '59 Caddy was as outrageous as it was courageous, veering perilously close to self-parody (no wonder it has become as much a symbol of wretched excess as of optimistic exuberance). Yet the exaggerated machine drove deep into the psyches of many of us who came of age during those years, a time when the introduction of each new model seemed a proud and patriotic event.

STEVE SALMIERI

The sculptural lines of the Caddy's twin dorsals, rising a full foot above the fender line, lifted the eye upward and visually lightened the two-ton machine by at least 1,000 pounds.

With sublime timing, Earl retired at the end of 1959, just after the release of the ''down-styled'' 1960 model. The '59 had been a phenomenon, but there would be no encore.

Last summer, arriving at the airport in Los Angeles on a business trip, I walked through a parking lot to pick up a rental car. Across from a row of Ford compacts and midsize Buicks stood one of the rental agency's ''California Classics'': a vintage '59 Cadillac, the rare Brougham convertible, bright scarlet. Appraising it then, I was filled with awe that such a dashing, daunting giant had ever existed, and I felt a twinge of longing for the irrepressible times that had produced it. I was rather pleased, too, that this graceful dinosaur and I had inhabited the earth at the same time. ■

OWEN EDWARDS's *latest book,* Elegant Solutions—In Praise of Affectionate Objects, *will be published later this year.*

Their bravery was certified—Gus Grissom, Deke Slayton, Gordon Cooper, John Glenn, Scott Carpenter, Alan Shepard, Wally Schirra. Four had faced death in combat; all had courted it as test pilots of jet fighter planes. "We were superachievers," said Schirra. "We had that slight edge that makes all the difference."

Seven

Up

30 YEARS AGO: AMERICANS MEET THEIR ASTRONAUTS

These were our heroes, instant and magnificent. It was a time of heroes. It has not come again.

By Ronald H. Bailey

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

As the makers of the film *The Right Stuff* would later discover, the scene at that first press conference, on April 9, 1959, was a scriptwriter's dream. Seven well-scrubbed, short-haired American men occupied the dais of a Washington hotel ballroom, answering predictable questions about their families, religions and motivations. A reporter stood up. "Could I ask for a show of hands," he said, "of how many are confident that they will come back from outer space?"

It was a brash, even rude, question, but one that every reporter had been itching to ask. On the dais, America's newly named and first-ever astronauts stirred uneasily. They looked at one another up and down the alphabetically arranged row: Scott Carpenter, Gordon Cooper, John Glenn, Gus Grissom, Wally Schirra, Alan Shepard and Deke Slayton. Then each man broke into a grin and hoisted a hand skyward—Glenn and Schirra put up both—to signal a confident defiance of whatever dangers awaited them out there.

Today Schirra recalls the scene somewhat differently. The question that prompted the unanimous hand-raising, he says, was, "Who wants to go first?" and the astronauts' response was an indication of the intense competition among them. "We were seven brothers," says Schirra, "but the sibling rivalry was serious."

From our vantage point 30 years later, that first press conference may seem a bit melodramatic, in any case. Even with the Challenger space shuttle tragedy still fresh in memory, it is easy to forget how fearful mankind's greatest adventure seemed at the time. In three decades, more than 100 American astronauts have broken free of earthly fetters on nearly 60 missions reaching as far as the moon. Despite two major tragedies and the loss of 10 lives, soaring into space has turned out to be arguably no more hazardous an occupation than flying a military aircraft. But when the first astronauts were introduced to the public, no one knew with any certainty that humans could withstand the powerful gravitational stresses of launch and re-entry or prolonged exposure to radiation and weightlessness.

The seven men tapped to be pioneers of the heavens seemed special from the very beginning, and not only because they had volunteered to venture into the unknown. National heroes long before they actually hurtled into space, they were Charles Lindberghs, as one writer put it, without having to make a flight.

Their instant celebrity status came as quite a shock, even to them. "One minute we were typical average fighter jocks in the military," remembers Schirra. "But as soon as we sat down on that dais, bang! We're heroes. What the heck happened?"

One reason for their instant celebrity was that the seven had been handed the American baton in what came to be called the space race with the Soviet Union. A year and a half before the astronauts' selection, in October 1957, the Soviet Union had put into orbit Sputnik I, the earth's first man-made satellite. The launch of this 18-pound package of instruments, not much bigger than a grapefruit, followed by American failures—payloads that fizzled on the launch pad or strayed off course—created a mood of national frustration, a feeling that we had fallen dangerously behind in science and technology. The astronauts embodied our hopes that the United States could catch up and capture what Senator Lyndon B. Johnson called "the new high ground."

Even deeper than the need to beat the Russians, however, was a national craving for heroes. Here were seven, their bravery certified. Four had faced death in combat, and all had courted it as test pilots of high-performance jet fighter planes. The astronauts had emerged, moreover, from a rigorous selection process. The original list of candidates comprised all 540 military test pilots. This group had been winnowed by statistics: An astronaut had to be a college graduate, under 40 years of age and less than 5 feet 11 inches tall (in order to fit into the tiny Mercury space capsule). Candidates were also subjected to a series of arduous physical challenges and psychological tests. The I.Q. scores of the seven astronauts ranged from 135 to 147. "We were all super-achievers," says Schirra. "We had that little edge that makes the difference, however slight."

Like the vast majority of test pilots from which they had been chosen, they were all outdoorsmen, Protestants, products of small-town America. The only real controversy surrounding the astronauts concerned the $500,000 contract they signed with *Life*, then my employer, for the exclusive rights to their personal stories. (The astronauts used at least part of the money to buy suits and ties after President Eisenhower declared the space program a civilian effort. "When they ruled us out of uniform it was a whole new ball game," remembers Slayton. "Captains and majors didn't have the right pay scale to go out and impress anybody.")

Understandably, other publications criticized the *Life* contract as "checkbook journalism" and as a restriction of the taxpayers' right to know about the program they were paying for. In fact, however, there were an abundance of precedents for heroism-on-the-installment-plan, including the purchase of Lindbergh's personal story by *The New York Times* before his 1927 flight across the Atlantic.

What the magazine *was* guilty of—and I

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Alan Shepard—here training in the Mojave Desert—was impatient on the launch pad. "Why don't you fix your little problems," he radioed, "and light this candle?"

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

John Glenn, here with JFK at Cape Canaveral, was the first American to circle the earth. Now a U.S. Senator from Ohio, he was a candidate for the 1984 Democratic Presidential nomination.

Wally Schirra practices getting out of a capsule. Though the joker of the group, he was a serious pilot. His six nearly flawless orbits were hailed as a "textbook flight."

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

After years of rivalry, American and Russian crews met in 1975, preparing for the historic Apollo-Soyuz space docking.

played a small part toward the end of Project Mercury—was stereotyping the astronauts and their families. Just as practiced technicians touched up the first *Life* cover portrait of the seven wives in order to remove every hint of physical blemish, *Life* readers never got the slightest hint of personal conflicts or other human failings among the astronauts. The press "saw the astronauts as seven slices of the same pie," Tom Wolfe would later write, "and it was mom's pie, John Glenn's mom's pie, from the sturdy villages of the American heartland." Not until the publication of Wolfe's 1979 best seller, *The Right Stuff*, did some of the astronauts' more interesting human traits emerge. There was, for example, the contrast of Glenn's stern morality as he lectured his colleagues about skirt-chasing and the intensity of his suppressed rage when Shepard, not Glenn, was selected for the first Mercury flight.

Voluminous press coverage kept the astronauts' initial celebrity burning during the two years of training and preparation that preceded the first flight, and helped shape the deservedly heroic image of men determined to take charge of their destinies. Practically from the beginning, for example, these veteran test pilots objected to the idea held by some engineers that the astronaut ought to be merely a passenger, wired up like a guinea pig with biosensors to record responses to the stresses of flight. Deriding this notion as "Spam in a can," the astronauts wanted a window, a manually controlled hatch with explosive bolts to get out in a hurry and a means for overriding automatic systems so that they could actually "fly" this wingless bird. "We weren't just chimpanzees," insists Schirra. "We wanted to make it clear that man was a very important part of the system." The astronauts got most of what they wanted.

Many of us remember vividly each of those first launches (just as we conveniently forget that a Soviet cosmonaut got up before we did). We remember the terse early-morning countdowns relayed by Shorty Powers, the voice of Mercury control at Cape Canaveral; the avuncular reassurances of CBS's Walter Cronkite, and a public concern so intense that strangers stopped one another on the street to ask: Has he gone up yet? Is he down? Is he all right? Happily, the answer after each splashdown turned out to be not merely that everything was okay, but, in the memorable phrase Powers borrowed from spacecraft engineers, "A-okay!"

Al Shepard took the first ballistic hop on May 5, 1961, only three weeks after Soviet cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin's globe-girdling journey. Shepard showed an enviable calm combined with brash impatience when, with the countdown running into one hold after another, he radioed from his cramped capsule, "Why don't you fix your little problems and light this candle?" The gruff-spoken Gus Grissom followed three months later and enjoyed an uneventful flight until splashdown, when the explosive escape hatch blew prematurely, forcing him to exit with what some thought unseemly haste. A helicopter crew grabbed Grissom out of the Atlantic, but his waterlogged spacecraft quickly sank.

Full-scale orbital flights came next, albeit behind schedule. By the time John Glenn became the first American to actually circle the earth—making three orbits on Feb. 20, 1962—a Soviet cosmonaut named Gherman Titov had flown longer. But Titov's 17 orbits hardly diminished the adulation showered upon Glenn, whose tumultuous post-flight reception included a massive ticker-tape parade up Broadway, evoking cheers and tears from millions.

Deke Slayton, scheduled to go aloft next, was grounded by an erratic heartbeat, and Scott Carpenter took his place. Carpenter, the true romantic of the group, made such enthusiastic use of the manual controls on his three-orbit mission and became so preoccupied with the spectacular views that he burned up too much fuel and overshot his splashdown target by 250 miles. Wally Schirra, the genial joker, turned out to be such a serious and effective pilot that his six nearly flawless orbits were hailed as a "textbook flight." Gordon Cooper, the cockiest of the bunch, brought the Mercury series to a hair-raising and appropriate conclusion by proving beyond doubt the value of having a skilled pilot on board. Launched on May 15, 1963, he took manual control when the automatic system failed on the 21st orbit, piloted the capsule through another orbit and then lined it up for a successful re-entry.

A few months before Cooper's mission, I was transferred to Houston to handle *Life*'s astronaut coverage. My first effort was a pre-flight portrayal of the Coopers as an all-American family, with special attention to the fact that Gordon's wife, Trudy, had her own pilot's license. We even ran a photograph of the two of them at the controls of his private plane, implying that the family that flies together stays together. The truth was that the Coopers' marriage was in trouble; the couple had in fact split up before his selection as an astronaut and had gotten back together, at least in part, for the sake of the program.

Carpenter and Glenn would leave the space program after the Mercury project ended, but for the others there were still many missions to fly. Cooper would complete a two-man Gemini flight; so would Grissom, who was later killed, along with Ed White and Roger Chaffee, in a 1967 spacecraft fire during a routine ground test. Schirra would orbit the earth in both the Gemini and the later, Apollo moon spacecraft. Shepard, returning to active duty after inner-ear surgery, would practice his golf swing on the moon. Slayton would fly at last at age 51 on the 1975 joint mission with Soviet cosmonauts.

The seven original pioneers—minus

30 years ago

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Gordon Cooper, the sixth American in space, proved the wisdom of using skilled pilots, not just passive observers (''Spam in a can''). He took manual control of his flight and made a successful re-entry.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Gus Grissom, the original group's martyr, died in a 1967 spacecraft fire during a routine ground test.

their own martyr, Gus Grissom—are now gray at the temples, and several are grandfathers. But their names can still evoke strong emotions. When the movie version of *The Right Stuff* was released in 1983, audiences not old enough to remember the real stuff were moved to cheers and applause. But most of the Mercury seven, in fact, wore their hero label uncomfortably. "A real hero does something spontaneously," emphasizes Schirra. "He's the one who leaps on the hand grenade. When I flew for NASA, there were literally 300,000 people whose sole function was to protect me."

Currently president of a charter aircraft company near San Diego, Net Air National, Schirra also sits on the boards of several corporations. *Schirra's Space*, his account of his flight experiences, written with former *Life* staffer Richard Billings, was published last fall.

Alan Shepard emerged as an entrepreneur after leaving NASA in 1974. He recently sold a Coors beer distributorship and now heads a real estate investment firm, Seven Fourteen Enterprises, in Houston.

Scott Carpenter also tried business, but several ventures failed, and he now consults and lectures. He appeared with his son in General Motors' "This is not your father's Oldsmobile" advertising campaign.

Gordon Cooper was a vice president for research and development at Walt Disney Productions and had plans—later abandoned—to market a cheap, nonpolluting alcohol fuel for commercial airliners. He lives in Encino, Calif., with his second wife and their daughters, aged 7 and 9.

Of the seven, John Glenn has most successfully defied F. Scott Fitzgerald's maxim that "there are no second acts in American lives." Glenn is a U.S. Senator from Ohio and was a candidate for the 1984 Democratic Presidential nomination.

Deke Slayton retired from the space program in 1982 after coming to the painful realization that NASA administrators felt he was "too old" to fly the space shuttle. He now heads Space Services, Inc., a small, Houston-based company that builds and launches satellites. Still an avid flier, he races a red International Formula 1 plane, most often finishing in the middle of the pack. "You do the best you can with what you've got," says Slayton.

Though the press continues its periodic summons to new heroes, space flight, the heralded last frontier, now seems faintly old-hat. Astronauts no longer become instant celebrities, forced to live their lives in public. "By the time Gemini came along, people didn't even care about the space program anymore. It's a 'hero for a day' thing," says Slayton.

Part of the reason is the proliferation of astronauts since the first seven were named. Nine were chosen for the Gemini project, then 14 more, and an additional 25 were picked before the Apollo moon program got off the ground. More recently, the manpower demands of the shuttle, which is so spacious that it could easily have accommodated all the original seven, have further diminished the celebrity of any individual. No fewer than 93 astronauts were carried on last year's mostly anonymous roster.

And in the three decades since the first group of pioneers embarked on man's greatest adventure, increasing numbers of nay-sayers have carped that the unprecedented effort and expense needed to send man into space would have been better spent on more pressing needs. "They don't realize the value of heroes," says Schirra. "People just don't have that kind of imagination anymore." ■

RONALD H. BAILEY *is the author of a dozen books on subjects ranging from the human brain to the U.S. Civil War.*

COURTESY OF DEKE SLAYTON

Twenty-five years after they first rocketed to fame, the six remaining alumni of the Mercury program, plus Betty Grissom, were reunited. Can you identify them?

STANDING: Cooper, Carpenter, Shepard, Schirra, Slayton. SEATED: Glenn and Mrs. Grissom.

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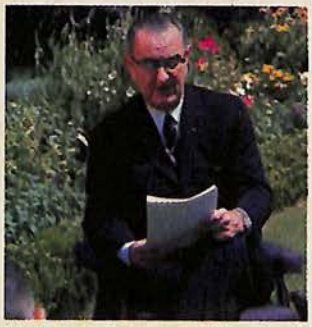
APRIL AND MAY

25

years ago



PICTORIAL PARADE

LBJ: Studies need for draft

GLOBE PHOTOS

ERICH HARTMANN/MAGNUM

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

DEATHS **General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, who led Allied victory over Japan in World War II, at 84 . . . Rachel Carson, author of *Silent Spring*, at 56 . . . Jawaharlal Nehru, prime minister of India, at 74 . . . Lady Astor, first woman to serve in House of Commons, at 84.**

APPEARANCES Michelangelo's Pietà is sent from St. Peter's, in Rome, on loan to New York World's Fair . . . Vladimir Horowitz returns to concert stage after 12 years, plays Chopin and Schumann.

Pietà

PICTORIAL PARADE

SCREENS ***The Sound of Music*** **with Julie Andrews, *Zorba the Greek*** **with Anthony Quinn . . . Johnny Carson, 39, gets 8,700,000 viewers for his *Tonight Show*, 300,000 more than Jack Paar at his best.**

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

HITS **Henry Ford II introduces Mustang . . . Shea Stadium opens in Queens, N.Y. . . . Picasso exhibit a smash in Tokyo . . . Celebration marks Notre Dame Cathedral's 800th year . . . Ping-Pong number-one sport in China.**

Andrews

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

CALLINGS Cosmetics matriarch Helena Rubinstein remembers arriving in U.S. from Poland in 1914: "It was a cold day. All the American women had purple noses and gray lips. I recognized that the U.S. could be my life's work." . . . Black leader Malcolm X makes pilgrimage to Mecca . . . Pulitzer committee decides that no fiction, music or drama is worth prize this year . . . Sexpert estimates 20 to 30 percent of college women are not virgins at graduation . . . Big in bookstores: Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings*, Luigi Barzini's *The Italians* . . . On Broadway: *The Odd Couple*, *Tiny Alice*, *The Owl and the Pussycat*.

Rubinstein

PICTORIAL PARADE

COMING RIGHT UP:

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NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

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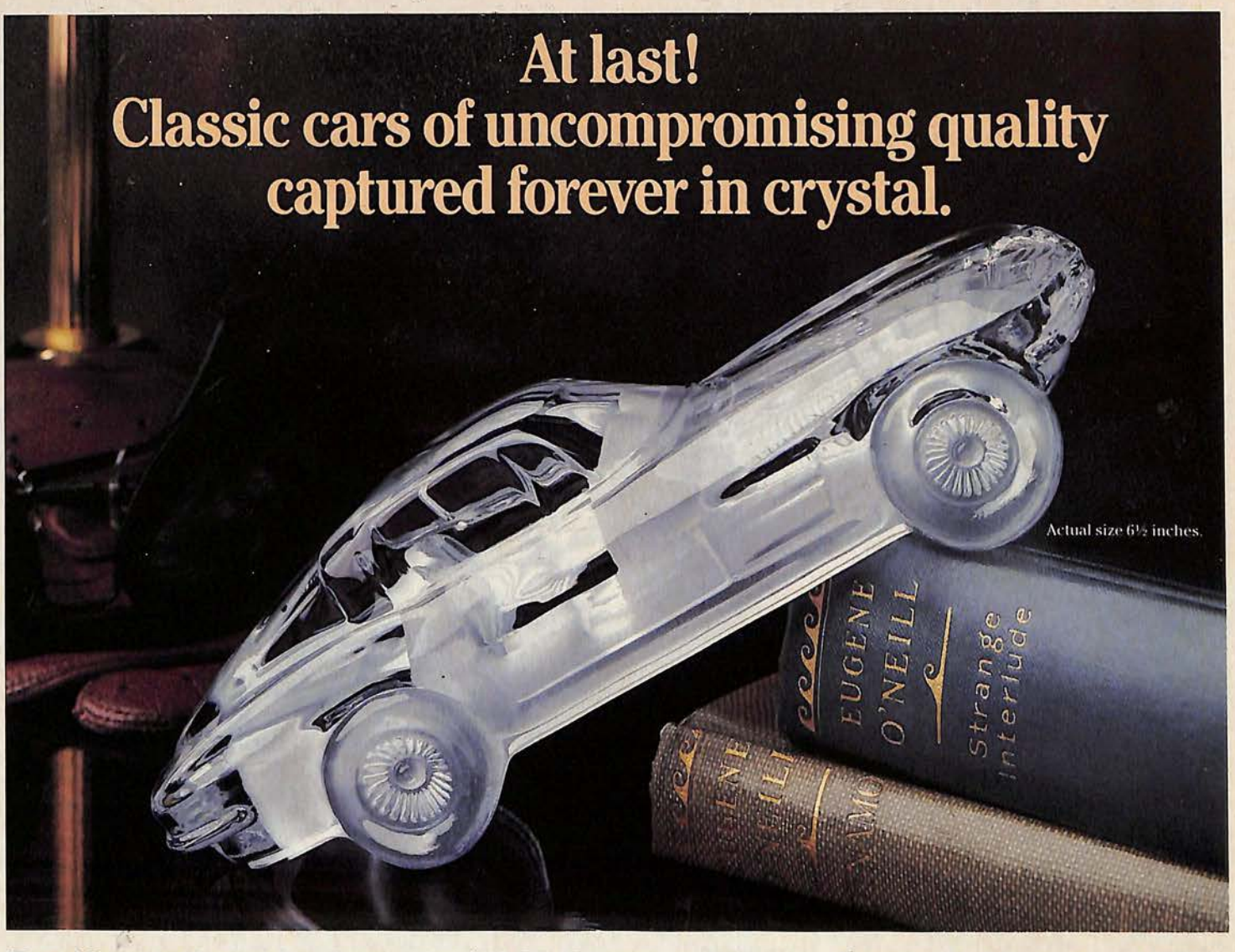

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KOBAL COLLECTION

PHOTOFEST

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25 YEARS AGO: SIDNEY POITIER WINS AN ACADEMY AWARD

Was it a token victory? Or had black talent finally broken Hollywood's color barrier?

Sidney Poitier's LONELY OSCAR

By Dolores Barclay and Maureen McFadden

The actor remembers that his mouth turned dry as a television camera moved in for a close-up. When actress Anne Bancroft opened an envelope and announced the winner, the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium audience exploded in applause. Never, says the man who built his reputation on keeping cool, had he been as nervous as he was on April 13, 1964. That was the night that Sidney Poitier, then 37, won an Academy Award and made Hollywood history.

It was the first time a black man had won an Oscar. And Poitier won not for supporting actor—the role in which blacks were usually cast—but for best performance in a *leading* role. Poitier's was also the first win for a black since 1939, when Hattie McDaniel was named best supporting actress for her role as Mammy, a maid, in *Gone With the Wind*.

With his sensitive portrayal of an itinerant worker in *Lilies of the Field*, Poitier beat the British front-runner, Albert Finney, nominated for his irreverent interpretation of the title character in *Tom Jones*. Other British nominees included Richard Harris for *The Sporting Life* and Rex Harrison for *Cleopatra*. The only other American nominated was Paul Newman, who played a cocky ne'er-do-well in *Hud*. Before the ceremony, Newman had said it was Poitier who deserved the award.

Lilies of the Field capped more than a decade of film work for the Miami-born, Bahamas-reared Poitier. His movie career had begun with a role as a hospital intern in *No Way Out* (1950) and continued through a dozen films, including director Stanley Kramer's *The Defiant Ones* (1958), for which he received his first Oscar nomina-

In a decade of filmmaking before his 1964 Oscar win for best actor, the young Poitier had already made a name for himself in such movies as: 1. *No Way Out*, his film debut, with Richard Widmark; 2. *The Defiant Ones*, directed by Stanley Kramer, for which Poitier won his first best-actor nomination; 3. *Porgy and Bess*, with Dorothy Dandridge, and 4. *A Raisin in the Sun*, with Claudia McNeil. 5. Poitier's winning performance was as Homer Smith, an itinerant carpenter, in *Lilies of the Field*, with Lilia Skala. Right: On Oscar night, with actress Anne Bancroft.

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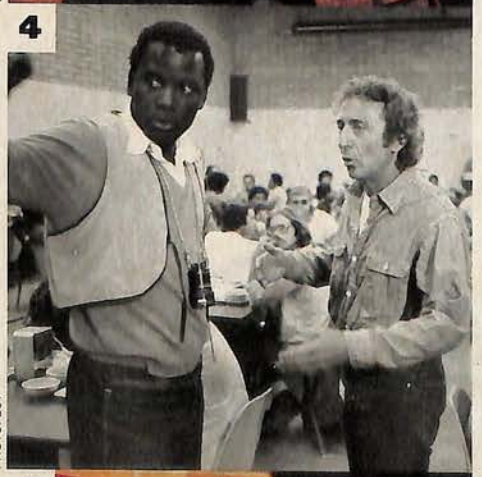
COURTESY OF WARNER BROS.


PHOTOFEST

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tion, for best actor. From the beginning, Poitier had broken Hollywood's color barrier by distinguishing himself in parts traditionally reserved for whites—even as he suffered criticism by blacks for playing roles that were "too white."

Still, some of Hollywood felt that Poitier owed his Oscar as much to a backlash against the British nominees as to his talent. Others called the actor a token and his award a sop to civil rights activists like Newman, actor Charlton Heston and producer Blake Edwards, who had long lobbied for more black representation in films.

But Poitier refused to allow his achievement to be diminished. "I think I won out over some very fine actors who gave some very fine performances," he said, "and that made victory all the sweeter." In *This Life*, his 1980 autobiography, he would write: "We had done it. We black people had done it. We were capable. We forget sometimes, having to persevere against unspeakable odds, that we are capable of infinitely more than the culture is yet willing to credit to our account."

Many got the message. Actress and television host Oprah Winfrey recalls Poitier's Oscar night as "one of life's most vivid memories. That's why I'm an actress today." Then 10, Winfrey was babysitting for her younger brothers and sisters when she "saw Sidney Poitier get out of the limousine and I thought, 'Wow. It's a black man!' I remember the clip they used [from *Lilies of the Field*] and I said I was going to do that one day. I'm going to be there." Indeed, in 1985 Winfrey was one of three black actresses nominated for performances in the Steven Spielberg film adaptation of *The Color Purple*.

Actor Paul Winfield also credits Poitier with "opening the door." Then a theater arts major at the University of Portland (Ore.), Winfield remembers that Poitier's Oscar "really gave me a big boost, not so much in terms of my own acting career, but just in terms of being black and being a little more accepting of myself and proud of my color."

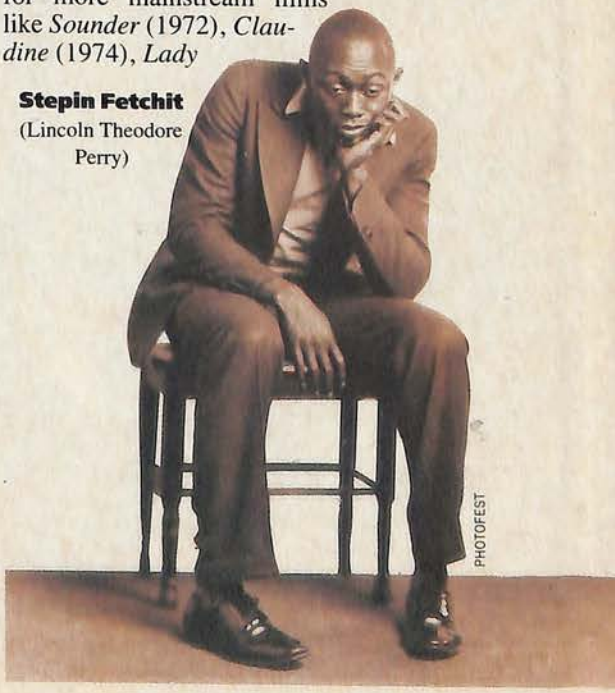
"I'm gratefully indebted to him," agrees Spike Lee, the independent producer and director. "For too many years he was the only one."

In addition to inspiring a generation of talented blacks, Poitier's win also helped awaken a somnolent Hollywood to the potential both of films about blacks and of a black moviegoing audience that today accounts for an estimated 20 percent of all tickets sold. Former Screen Actors Guild president Charlton Heston points out, however, that Paul Robeson and Poitier's contemporary, James Earl Jones, sounded wake-up calls of their own. And, Heston adds, "It would not be accurate to say that serious black actors don't get a chance at dramatic roles. For *any* actor to get cast in any part is a very long shot."

But from the days of Stepin Fetchit, blacks have often been stereotyped as dimwitted, childlike or violent. As for black producers and directors, they were rare. It was not until 1969 that Gordon Parks, an accomplished still photographer, produced and directed a feature based on his autobiography, *The Learning Tree*, for a major studio, Warner Bros.-Seven Arts.

It was also Parks who, in 1971, directed the first black James Bond-style hero, played by Richard Roundtree, in *Shaft*. (The film spawned a rash of imitators—so-called "blaxploitation" films, in which macho men reveled in sex and urban violence—but the genre was short-lived.) That same year also saw the release of Melvin Van Peebles's black classic, *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, which told the story of a passive black hero's murderous coming of age.

By the early 70's, larger audiences, both black and white, were beginning to turn out for more mainstream films like *Sounder* (1972), *Claudine* (1974), *Lady*


PHOTOFEST

Stepin Fetchit (Lincoln Theodore Perry)

1. Some critics insist that *In the Heat of the Night* (with Rod Steiger) showcases Poitier at his best, portraying detective Virgil Tibbs. 2. *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, about interracial marriage (with Katharine Houghton, Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy), may have hurt the actor's career; blacks said he was "too white." 3. *A Piece of the Action*, one of three movies co-starring Bill Cosby, was also produced and directed by Poitier. 4. Director Poitier's most commercially successful film was *Stir Crazy* (with Gene Wilder). 5. After a 10-year sabbatical from acting, Poitier returned in 1988 in *Shoot to Kill* (with Tom Berenger).

PHOTOFEST

Casting Gregory Hines as Mikhail Baryshnikov's sidekick was typical of Hollywood in the 80's.

Sings the Blues (1972) and *Mahogany* (1975). And as they did, actors like Diahann Carroll, Paul Winfield, Cicely Tyson and Diana Ross became "crossover stars" who could bring in audiences of all colors.

In the 80's, young, independent filmmakers like Spike Lee, who traces his inspiration to Van Peebles, began producing their own low-budget films. Lee, who describes himself as "a black nationalist with a camera," shot his 1986 *She's Gotta Have It* in 12 days in his Brooklyn neighborhood on a budget of less than $175,000. Though the movie was not widely distributed, it was critically acclaimed, thus earning Lee the chance to direct a big-budget film for a major studio. That film, *School Daze* (1988), was a musical exploring the unlikely subject of black discrimination against blacks.

Another low-cost, high-profile production, Robert Townsend's *Hollywood Shuffle* (1987), satirized the agonies suffered by black Hollywood hopefuls. It featured a black acting school where courses include "Jive Talk 101," "Shuffling 200," "Epic Slaves 400" and "TV Pimps and Movie Muggers."

Independent filmmakers notwithstanding, Hollywood has remained reluctant to cast blacks in leading roles or to produce black-themed films (Norman Jewison's critical smash, *A Soldier's Story*, was turned down by three studios before Columbia Pictures bought in on the condition that Jewison waive his $1.5 million director's fee). The closest many black men have gotten to top billing is in roles as sidekicks to white leads: Gregory Hines to Mikhail Baryshnikov in *White Nights* (1985) and later to Billy Crystal in *Running Scared* (1986), and Danny Glover to Harrison Ford in *Witness* (1985).

It was as a sidekick, of course, that superstar Eddie Murphy first conquered Hollywood, playing alongside Nick Nolte in *48 Hours* (1982) and with Dan Ackroyd in *Trading Places* (1984). His box-office appeal in those films led to top billing in *Beverly Hills Cop* (I and II), and the revenues from those films put him into the stratosphere. In fact, Murphy's first six films accounted for more than $1 billion in ticket sales, giving him license to do just about anything he pleases, as he demonstrated at last year's Academy Award presentations. He used his moment at the presenter's rostrum to castigate the Academy. "I just want you to know," Murphy said, after explaining why he was presenting the best-picture Oscar under protest, "black people won't ride the caboose of society, and we will not bring up the rear anymore. I just want you to recognize us."

Murphy was criticized for the venue of his statement, but few could quarrel with what he had to say. After all, the only black actor to have won an Academy Award in the quarter-century since Poitier's is Louis Gossett Jr., who won for his 1982 supporting role as the sergeant who toughened and tamed Richard Gere in *An Officer and a Gentleman*. At the time, Gossett's award was seen as a breakthrough, since the part had originally called for a white actor. "I wonder if people have any idea how hard my manager and I had to fight to get that part," says Gossett today.

Gossett remembers that after he won he "sat back and waited for the scripts to roll in." It never happened. "How could I have proved myself any more? I had a box-office following. I was honored by my peers."

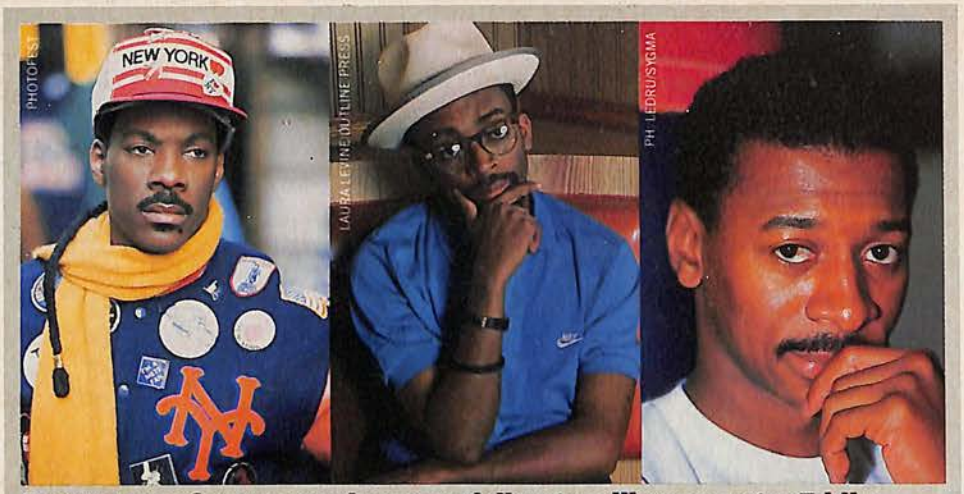
Howard Rollins Jr. suffered a similar letdown. After winning critical praise and an Oscar nomination for his portrayal of the defiant Coalhouse Walker in *Ragtime* (1981), his first movie role, he waited three years for another part. He again won critical acclaim in *A Soldier's Story* (1984), playing an Army investigator. But after the movie's release, Rollins says, he was back on the shelf. "People have been a little slow to pick up the phone," he said at the time. "Most of the scripts I've seen use the catchword 'dignified' for my characters. It's another cliché to keep from insulting actors who happen to be black." Rollins turned to television and currently stars in the NBC series *In the Heat of the Night*, a small-screen version of the Poitier film of the same name.

Gossett too returned to television, to play an anthropologist in the ABC series *Gideon Oliver*. He says he blames "racism, pure and simple" for holding him and other black film actors back. "The Oscar should have blasted Sidney up to the top,"

PHOTOFEST PHOTOFEST PHOTOFEST LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS PHOTOFEST

Hattie McDaniel (left) was the only black actress to win an Oscar, in 1939. Only 21 other blacks have been nominated since, including Diana Ross for *Lady Sings the Blues*, Howard Rollins Jr. for *Ragtime* (here in *A Soldier's Story*), Oprah Winfrey for *The Color Purple* and Denzel Washington for *Cry Freedom*.

After winning an Oscar for best supporting actor in 1982, Louis Gossett Jr. "sat back and waited for the scripts to roll in." It didn't happen; the actor blames "racism, pure and simple."



A new crop of young producers and directors like superstar Eddie Murphy (left), Spike Lee and Robert Townsend offer blacks hope for increased participation in the film industry.

he says of Poitier. "And by now I should be up there too."

Racism, perhaps. But neither pure nor simple, says Charlton Heston, who notes that mushrooming costs have complicated every filmmaking equation. *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure* cost more to make than *Ben Hur*, he points out. "An average film costs $60 million. With that kind of cost, they must appeal to increasingly broad demographic segments. That means they can take fewer chances in any direction. You're not going to look for adventurous casting under those circumstances."

Stanley Kramer, the white director who attacked racism in *Home of the Brave* (1947)—and who cast Poitier in *Pressure Point* (1962) and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* (1967) as well as *The Defiant Ones*—would agree that Hollywood tries to avoid controversy of any kind. Take, he says, the storm over *The Last Temptation of Christ* (1988). "Everybody who quotes Christ, from the evangelist to the person who sits in a pew on Sunday, has a concept of what are 'do's' and what are 'don'ts.' If somebody breaches that concept, people assume it's an assault on a citadel of faith." Kramer says that while Hollywood still has a long way to go in its thinking about blacks, "We've truly come a long way from when I started. There were no black filmmakers then."

"I don't doubt for a moment," seconds Heston, "that there will be increased opportunities for black performers. It will come from within the system, unless it's somehow dictated from the outside, where the composition of every cast must exactly reflect the percentage of blacks in the population. I would oppose that. It can only come from within the system."

But Hollywood adapts slowly. One reason may be that black directors and producers are still the exception. And it is the individuals in those positions of power who option scripts and dictate casting. "That's where I'm heading," says Gossett. "I'm doing this TV work to make myself more independent, and then I'm moving into producing, writing and directing my own projects. That's the only way to do it."

In this he will be following in Poitier's footsteps. In the mid-70's Poitier combined producing, directing and acting in three films co-starring Bill Cosby. Then, beginning in 1978, he gave up acting entirely for a decade. In 1980 he directed *Stir Crazy*, the box-office hit with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder. He followed that with *Hanky Panky* in 1982 and *Fast Forward*, the rock music film, in 1985. He returned to acting with two 1988 releases, *Shoot to Kill* with Tom Berenger and Kirstie Alley, and *Little Nikita* with River Phoenix. (Currently Poitier is writing a novel and collecting art; he enjoys traveling with his second wife, actress Joanna Shimkus, and his six daughters, four from his previous marriage.)

Eddie Murphy also put his acting career on hold to direct and produce. His film company produced *Raw* (1987), his live concert film, and *Coming to America* (1988), which grossed $120 million. Future projects include a film version of *Fences*, a Pulitzer Prize-winning drama by black playwright August Wilson. Murphy's TV company plans to produce a weekly series and three specials for CBS.

But for black actors with less clout than Murphy, which describes just about all of them, the road to producing and directing may be even more hazardous than acting. "I'm in this business, but I don't dream the same way that John Malkovich dreams," says Danny Glover, who, in addition to *Witness*, has appeared in *Sudden Impact* (1983), *Places in the Heart* (1984), *The Color Purple* (1985), *Lethal Weapon* (1987) and *Bat 21* (1988). "And I don't dream the same way as Kevin Costner. But then I pinch myself and say, well, maybe it might be a possibility. Let me start thinking about . . . being the executive producer, getting my concept across. That's a tough challenge." ■

DOLORES BARCLAY *is arts and entertainment editor for the Associated Press.* MAUREEN MCFADDEN *is a Senior Editor at* MEMORIES.

Poitier met his second wife, actress Joanna Shimkus, on the set of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. Anika (left) and Sydney are two of his six daughters.

BILL NATION/SYGMA

The Vietnam War was going badly. What was needed was new leadership. If this jut-jawed general couldn't provide it, nobody could.

THE GENERAL WHO BELIEVED

By Frank McCulloch

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

WESTY HIT THE GROUND RUNNING, WORKED 70-HOUR WEEKS AND MOVED EVERYWHERE AT A TROT.

In early 1964, most Americans in Vietnam still believed the job could be done. Sure, the French had lost, but they were lousy colonialists who hadn't won a war in 100 years. Bring to bear American know-how, perseverance and democratic principles, and this little nastiness could be taken care of. Besides, if the communists weren't stopped here, they'd be in Honolulu next; and then what?

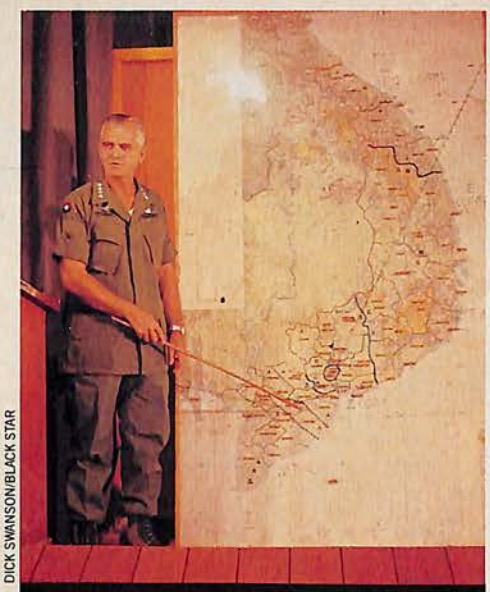
The man preparing to take command of U.S. advisory forces 25 years ago personified those quaint views. Lieut. Gen. William Childs Westmoreland came to Vietnam straight out of an I-Want-*You* recruiting poster—level-eyed, jut-jawed, ramrod-postured and resolute. He was a straight-ahead, by-the-book, can-do soldier who had served in combat with distinction in both World War II and Korea, had graduated with honors from the Army's best advanced-training schools and had been superintendent of West Point, his alma mater. "If he can't get this done," said a senior staff officer when Westmoreland took over in Vietnam, "then maybe it just can't be done." His words were more prophetic than any of us knew.

Westmoreland believed. Oh, how he believed! In his cause, in his country, in himself, in his troops and, ultimately, in victory with a capital V. If in the four years he was in Vietnam he ever wavered, ever doubted, he did so only in his most private moments.

An engine of energy, he contrasted sharply with the man he succeeded in June 1964. Gen. Paul D. Harkins was a weary, pale, remote and somewhat gloomy figure, a commander who seldom went into the field, which may have explained why he never shed the conviction that the Vietcong were a pajama-clad rabble wor-

JAMES PICKERELL/BLACK STAR

WESTMORELAND'S STRATEGY, TO FIND AND ENGAGE THE ENEMY, WON WORTHLESS TERRAIN AT A TERRIBLE PRICE.



DICK SWANSON/BLACK STAR

FARTHER FROM VICTORY THAN HE ADMITTED, OR POSSIBLY KNEW.

thy at best of a professional soldier's contempt. That was one mistake Westmoreland would not make.

Westy hit the ground running and moved everywhere at a trot. He insisted on seeing everything for himself, worked 70-hour weeks and expected subordinates to do the same. He believed the only problems that couldn't be solved were those that hadn't been identified.

Storm clouds had begun to gather in Vietnam long before Westmoreland took charge. The assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother, Nhu, in November 1963 plunged South Vietnam into political turmoil. Coup followed coup, and Saigon's revolving-door leadership quickly turned both political and military structures into jelly, making the U.S. task much more difficult. As Westmoreland himself once observed, the war went well for our side only in times when South Vietnam was politically stable. For almost three years, crack troops were kept out of battles against the Vietcong to protect whoever occupied the presidential palace in Saigon against the possibility of yet another coup. In the countryside the Vietcong, soon organized in battalion strength, built havens from which they were never uprooted. By the end of 1964, intelligence sources were reporting the presence of North Vietnamese army units in South Vietnam's northern provinces.

The U.S. responded by sending more advisers, and by the end of 1964 Westmoreland had a fourth star and 23,000 men to command. He called them, not without justification, some of the best professional soldiers he had ever seen, but their net effect on the war was negligible. The Vietcong continued to hold the offensive.

One Very Hot Day

At the time of General Westmoreland's arrival in Vietnam, I was covering the war for *Time* magazine. One day, not long after he came to the country, I went with him on a field trip into the Mekong Delta, southwest of Saigon. Our helicopter landed us first at a bleak and beleaguered Special Forces camp not far from the Cambodian border, where we were to receive briefings by a Vietnamese captain and his U.S. Special Forces counterpart. In the stifling air of the camp's main bunker, Westmoreland sat at full attention in his chair, radiating command presence and peppering both briefers with questions of such specificity that it was clear he had done his homework. The heat built, the briefings droned on, and I fought both sleep and nausea. Sweat soaked my shirt and trickled down my back; it felt as though it were running into my shoes. Man, it was hot, stupefyingly, pre-monsoon, deep-delta hot. I took some comfort from the fact that neither the Vietnamese nor the U.S. soldiers in the bunker were doing much better than I. Finally the last pointer was pointed, the last map put away, and we got out of the bunker. As I stumbled along in Westmoreland's wake on the way back to the helicopter, I was stunned to note that his fatigues were still immaculately pressed, the sleeves still rolled with micro-precision to two inches above each elbow, the toes of his combat boots still mirror-bright beneath a layer of the powdery dust that blanketed the camp. And if he was sweating, it didn't show. (An aide later offered an explanation for the immaculate fatigues: "They don't *dare* wrinkle.")

From the Special Forces camp, our helicopter thudded across the delta to an aging but still handsome Mediterranean-style villa, a relic of French colonial days, largely untouched by the war. Tucked into its own grove of banana and palm trees, this was the home and headquarters of a Vietnamese major and province chief whose position of authority could be explained only within the context of Vietnam's byzantine military politics, which put greater emphasis on allegiances than on ability.

The major's reputation was that of a man whose distaste for combat was exceeded only by his appetite for wealth. Educated in France, he had returned to Vietnam at about the time the Vietcong were switching from political to military warfare and was appointed, with few discernible credentials, a captain in the South Vietnamese army. In due course he was sent to the very province in which his family had large land holdings, was promoted to major and became province chief. Despite his slender credentials, he was said to have reached a quick accommodation with the Vietcong. Both he and the communists, it was rumored, exacted heavy shares of the province's rich rice crop from the peasantry.

I did not know how much, if any, of this Westmoreland had been told, or how much he chose to believe, but since U.S. forces were still in an advisory role, there was little he could do about it in any case. Though by far the senior military officer, Westmoreland was now merely a visitor to another man's domain, and our reception at the villa quickly established that the province chief saw things that way too.

We were greeted by two nervous junior officers, one of them an interpreter, and with no explanation of the province chief's absence, they guided us to a large, comfortable old dining room. Small talk through the interpreter proved difficult, so we stood in silence for several minutes under the slowly revolving ceiling fan.

At last the major made his entrance, striding through the door like a busy man coming from a high-voltage conference. But in Westmoreland's presence he seemed to wilt, and, uncertain whether to salute or shake hands, he finally did both.

"I am flattered," he said through the interpreter, "that you have come to visit me. I am sure there is much we can learn from each other. Let us talk over lunch."

It was a magnificent meal—eight courses of Vietnamese and French cuisine served silently by Vietnamese enlisted men in white jackets. Westy struggled with the chopsticks and the unfamiliar food and struggled also to elicit information from the major, whose vague answers about the situation in his province contrasted sharply with the briefing earlier in the day. I could see Westmoreland's frustration rising.

With every course, a fresh bowl of rice appeared in front of each guest, and this prodigal use of a food in such short supply elsewhere in Vietnam provided Westy with

When the first nervous suggestions were made that perhaps the U.S. should commit combat troops, Westmoreland publicly demurred, arguing that the South Vietnamese could and should win their war themselves.

But that was window dressing, for consumption in both South Vietnam and the U.S. By the end of 1964 Westy must have been planning to deploy American combat units. In March 1965 the first troops—the Ninth Marine Expeditionary Brigade—landed and took up defensive positions around the critically important jet-fighter strip at Danang.

When the first young Marines were killed, on a night patrol, shock waves reverberated all the way to the White House, and the buildup rolled into high gear. It would become a pattern: After every setback, more troops. For three years Westmoreland got almost everything he asked for, and by 1968 there were 550,000 American troops in Vietnam. Westmoreland's strategy—to seek out and engage the ever-increasing number of North Vietnamese units in the field—gained worthless terrain at a terrible price. Ultimately, his plan for the South Vietnamese army to restore security to the hamlets and villages of the countryside would have required a shield of no fewer than 750,000 American troops.

In the U.S., growing antagonism to the war made such a number impossible, and the conflict settled down into a grinding, frustrating, inconclusive war of attrition. The folks back home could not understand a war in which ground fought for and won had to be fought for and won again and again, in which an apparently defeated enemy reappeared almost overnight to fight again. Could this war ever be won?

Yes, Westmoreland insisted, and he cited the record to prove it: In three years of combat, no American unit had ever been driven from the field of action; no major American unit had, in conventional terms, ever been defeated. Even at such tense battle scenes as Khe Sanh, Con Thien and Hue, Westmoreland pointed out again and again, the enemy had suffered three to ten times as many casualties as the Americans and the South Vietnamese combined.

The trouble was, this was not a conventional war, and victories defined by conventional means were illusory. American protesters and the communist cadres that retained control over the peasantry in thousands of Vietnamese villages had more to do with the ultimate outcome than anything that happened on the field of battle. Westmoreland was farther from victory than he may have ever sensed—certainly less than he ever acknowledged. Yet he marched

a conversational gambit.

"Major," he said, "I have noticed that you grow a good deal of rice in your province."

With the translation, a warning bell seemed to ring, and the province chief stiffened. "*Oui, mon général,*" the major responded cautiously.

"I take it you and your people like rice, because you eat a good deal of it."

The major, his eyes fixed on Westmoreland, murmured, "*Oui, mon général.*"

"Now in our country, we like bread. Even our poorest people eat a lot of bread."

"*Oui. . . .*"

"We call bread the staff of life."

A careful nod.

"I suppose, then," Westy finished brightly, "that in Vietnam we could call rice the staff of life."

Without waiting for the translation, the major exploded in relief: "*OUI, mon général!*"

That mine field traversed, the major became more expansive. He was confident that the political situation in Saigon had stabilized and that the war would be prosecuted vigorously. Clearly the Vietcong were weakening, his own eyes told him the peasants were thriving and therefore were hostile to communism, and he wanted to make it clear that he spoke for many Vietnamese when he expressed his gratitude for the help that General Westmoreland and other Americans were providing. Then he ventured a question: If the President of the United States cared enough about Vietnam to send General Westmoreland all the way to this humble lunch table, did that mean that America would stay in Vietnam for as long as it took to defeat the communists?

COURTESY OF FRANK MCCULLOCH

The author (right) with the general in 1964: Struggling with chopsticks and traversing mine fields in pre-monsoon, deep-delta heat.

Yes, Westy said, the Vietnamese could count on that; America would remain until victory was won.

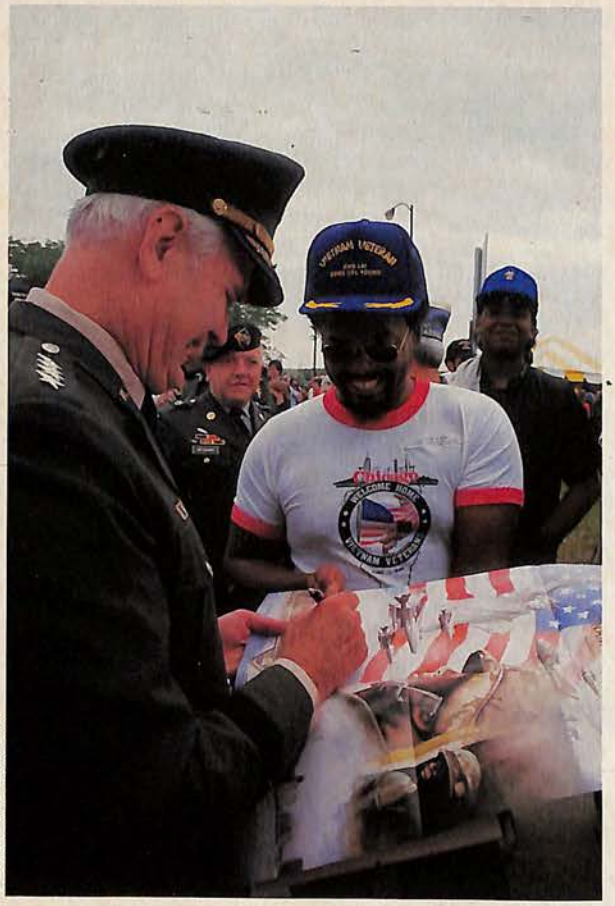
Even, the major asked, if it takes 10 or 20 years? Could the general give such assurances on behalf of the President and the people of the U.S.?

Westy hesitated. There was no evidence he could see, he said, to indicate victory would take that long to achieve.

The major thought that over for a moment, smiled, shrugged, and lunch was over. It occurred to me that in 90 minutes of conversation, neither of them had learned a single thing about the other, and through all the years of violence, tumult and tragedy that were to follow, the scene remained for me a symbol of the gulf between the two cultures. In the 20 years between the arrival of the first American advisers and the departure of the last American diplomat before the onrushing North Vietnamese army in 1975, few, if any, real bridges were built. Howard Simpson, an expert in psychological warfare who spent years in Vietnam, summed it up. "We [tried] to graft Western ideologies onto the incompatible, hostile tree of a centuries-old culture," he wrote. It simply didn't work.

—F.McC.

25 *years ago*



STEVE LEONARD/BLACK STAR

resolutely forward, chin out, belly in, energy unabated and aphorisms ever at the ready, a by-the-book general in a rice-paddy war. (His rules of conduct insisted that Americans stationed in Vietnam treat women with politeness and respect, join with the people, and always give Vietnamese the right of way. The rules were ignored.)

The decency, courage and optimism Westmoreland exuded won some off-battlefield victories. He was *Time* magazine's Man of the Year for 1966. Lyndon Johnson brought him home to address a joint session of Congress. There was even, for a brief time, a Westmoreland Presidential boomlet.

But then came the 1968 Tet offensive, during which Vietcong soldiers advanced all the way to the United States Embassy. This became the ultimate repudiation of Westmoreland's still-optimistic view of the war's progress. Succeeded by Gen. Creighton Abrams in June 1968, he returned to the U.S. to become Army Chief of Staff.

Westmoreland retired in 1972 after completing a full four-year term in that post. He settled in Charleston, S.C., to write his memoirs, *A Soldier Reports*, published in 1976. At the age of 60 he tried politics, but lost the South Carolina Republican gubernatorial primary to State Senator James B. Edwards. Today he sits on the boards of several corporations and lectures about the Vietnam War around the country. He also turns up from time to time at ceremonies honoring soldiers killed in Vietnam.

To this day, many Americans hold Westmoreland personally responsible for America's only military defeat. But I believe the outcome was sealed by political realities in both countries, combined with communist soldiers more willing to die for their cause than either South Vietnamese or American soldiers were for theirs. When, in 1975, television brought those stunning images of North Vietnamese soldiers triumphant in Saigon while the last panicky Americans were helicoptered from the roof of the U.S. Embassy, I thought of how Westy must be suffering.

I thought again of his suffering when CBS accused him in 1982 of having deliberately underestimated the number of enemy in the field. He sued the network; then, after a long and messy trial that, like the war itself, ground to a stalemate, he withdrew the suit. I think he withdrew because he was still too good a soldier to admit that the figures *were* cooked, all right—not by him, but by LBJ in the White House.

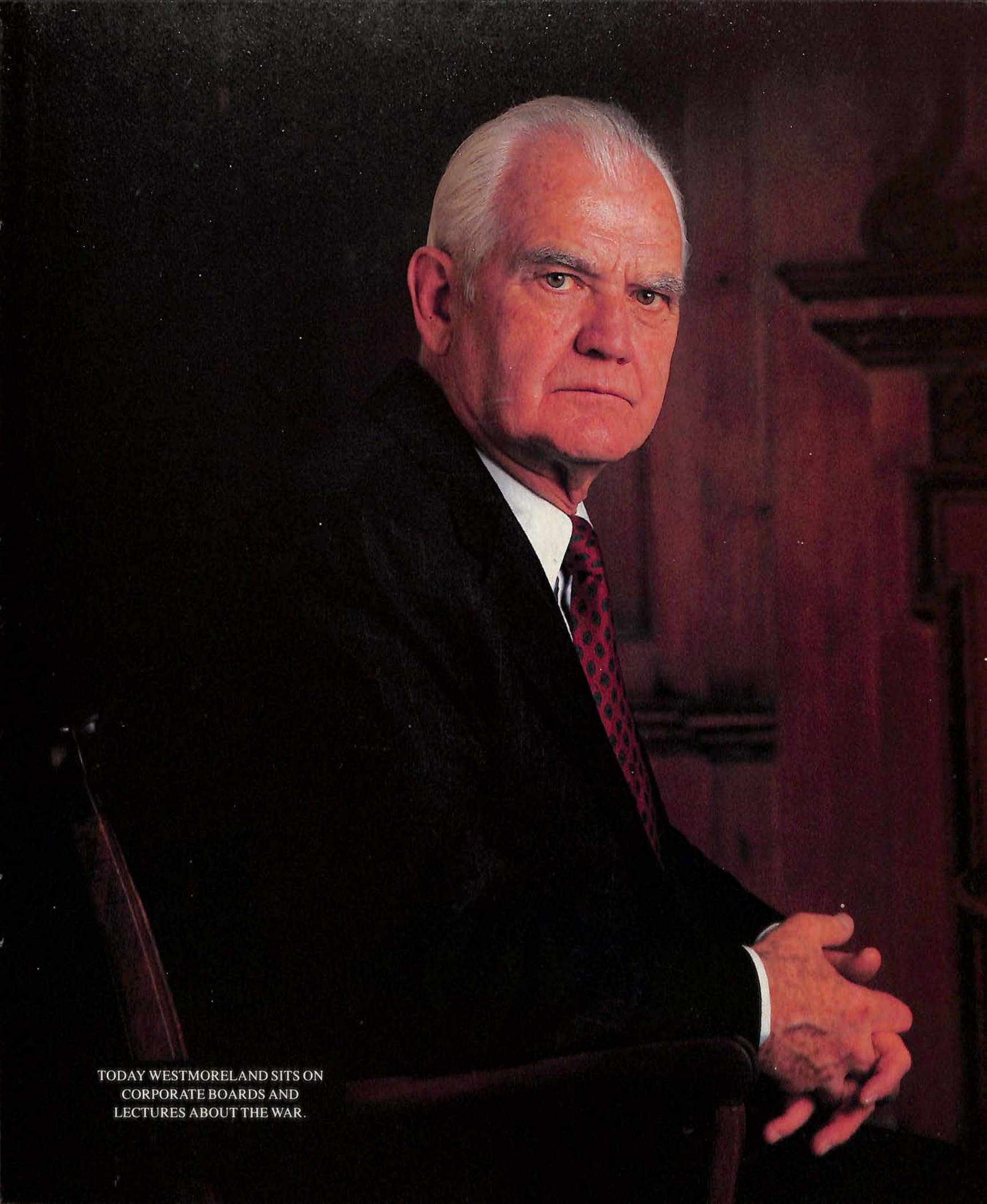
Twenty-five years after first observing Westy in Vietnam, I see him still, shoulders hunched, running out from under the spinning blades of a just-landed helicopter, hastening to still another briefing or battle scene. I see him striding into a roomful of other star-laden officers and taking charge before saying a word. And most of all, I remember how he *believed*.

But for Westmoreland, a by-the-book general who never fully grasped either the import or the complexities of a political war, believing was just not enough. ■

CHRISTOPHER MORRIS/BLACK STAR

TOP: IN RETIREMENT, WESTMORELAND TURNS UP AT CEREMONIES HONORING VIETNAM VETERANS. BOTTOM: HERE WITH HIS LAWYER, HE SUED CBS WHEN THE NETWORK SAID HE DELIBERATELY UNDERESTIMATED ENEMY TROOP STRENGTH.

FRANK MCCULLOCH, *managing editor of the* San Francisco Examiner, *was chief of various Southeast Asia Time/Life News Service bureaus from 1964 to 1968.*



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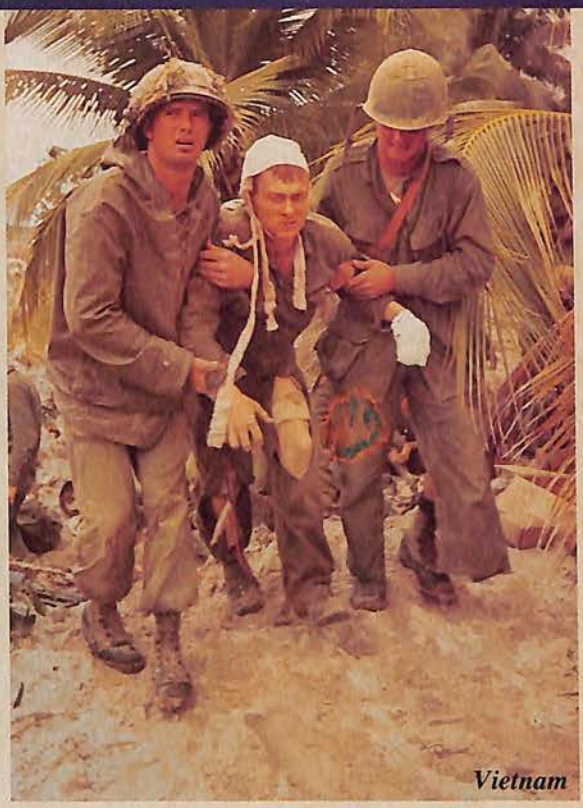
APRIL AND MAY 20 *years ago*

CONSTANTINE MANOS/MAGNUM

NIXON: Nominates Burger

DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION **American deaths in Vietnam reach 33,641, surpassing Korean figure . . . New Yorkers parade down Sixth Avenue to protest the war . . . California's Gov. Ronald Reagan is told he must buy his rented house or move; friends buy it and rent it to him.**



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

HIGHER LEARNING Blacks seize Student Union building at Cornell . . . National Guard drops skin-stinging powder on students in California . . . 400 police remove 300 rioters from Harvard campus.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

OUTCASTS **Four Britons reach North Pole after 407-day dog-sled journey . . . Charles de Gaulle steps down after voters refuse his French Senate reforms . . . 21-year-old Bernadette Devlin tells Britain's House of Commons: "There is no place for us, the ordinary peasant, in Northern Ireland. It is a society of landlords."**

TED COWELL/BLACK STAR

AUTHOR! AUTHOR! Norman Mailer announces for mayor of New York City . . . William Buckley files suit against Gore Vidal for calling him crypto-Nazi . . . Best seller: *Portnoy's Complaint*.

PHOTOFEST

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT **Smothers Brothers fired by CBS for being political and naughty on their TV program . . . Shirley MacLaine announces: "I smoke pot, but . . . I can get high on a sunset."**

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

GIVE AND TAKE Nelson Rockefeller gives his primitive art collection to Metropolitan Museum of Art . . . Rolls-Royce recalls 5,000 defective cars.

COMING RIGHT UP:

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

page 80

page 85

20 YEARS AGO: ABE FORTAS RESIGNS UNDER PRESSURE

Disclosures about a questionable business liaison ignited a scandal from which the Supreme Court Justice could not escape.

COURTING

By Robert Shogan

The Supreme Court is among the most cloistered of Washington institutions, and on the morning of Monday, May 5, 1969—barely 100 days into the Presidency of Richard Nixon—a casual spectator would not have noticed that anything had happened to mar the Court's splendid serenity. The Justices filed in, taking their customary places behind the lustrous mahogany bench, and the marshal called out the traditional "God save the United States and this honorable Court."

But those of us in the Court's press section, where I represented *Newsweek*, knew that one of the black-robed figures taking his seat at the bench was in particular need of divine help that day. The beleaguered Justice, Abe Fortas, was at the center of a rising storm that would ultimately draw into its vortex the highest leaders of the Government, even President Nixon, and rock the Court itself.

Justice Fortas was a man of parts, the subject of strong and varying opinions. His career had enmeshed him in the principal passions of the nation's capital for three turbulent decades. But the tempest that now beset him was far more threatening than any he had ever confronted. It had escalated dramatically the day before with the release by *Life* magazine of an article disclosing that Fortas had taken $20,000—roughly half his annual Justice's salary—from a charitable foundation established by financier Louis Wolfson.

A former client of Fortas's when he was

COURTESY OF LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY

Fortas was close to Lyndon Johnson, who appointed him to the High Court in 1965.

still in private practice, Wolfson was known for his freewheeling business operations and for the friendships he cultivated with prominent officeholders. Ostensibly Fortas had signed on only to help the foundation do its good works. But at the time Fortas received the money, Wolfson was facing serious trouble with the Federal Government, which was investigating stock manipulations in companies he controlled. Wolfson was said to have reassured his associates that his friend Fortas would help keep the Federal agents at bay.

As it turned out, Wolfson was indicted on securities law violations in two separate cases, convicted in both and, only days before Fortas's indiscretions were made public, sent to prison. *Life* could find no evidence that Fortas had intervened on Wolfson's behalf, but noted that judicial ethics required judges to be free not only of impropriety but of its appearance as well.

Suspicions concerning the ethical conduct of a member of the Supreme Court were bound to command attention at any time. But Fortas was no ordinary Justice, and these were no ordinary times. The Court's honor as well as the direction of its rulings for years to come were at stake in what was to prove a test of will between the President and the Justice.

Fortas was now 58. In his early Washington days he had been one of the young lions of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. He had gone on to become a leading light in the capital's legal establishment and, not incidentally, a close confidant of Nixon's predecessor, Lyndon Johnson.

It was Johnson who, in 1965, appointed him to the Court, where he became a forceful member of the liberal majority backing Chief Justice Earl Warren. In its zeal to protect the constitutional rights of minorities and criminal suspects, the Warren Court antagonized millions of Americans. Nixon made it a hot issue in his 1968 Presidential campaign, denouncing the Court's decisions and vowing to change its makeup as soon as vacancies gave him the chance. Fortas's difficulties raised the possibility that Nixon might have an opportunity sooner than expected.

The struggle over the Court's future had actually begun before Nixon's election, when, in 1968, LBJ nominated Fortas to succeed Warren as Chief Justice. Conservatives in both parties, angry over Johnson's usurpation of what they felt should be the new President's perquisite to pick the new Chief Justice, fought the nomination. Then it came to light that Fortas had been paid $15,000 to conduct a series of seminars at Washington's American University. The money had been put up by businessmen whose interests could not be separated from issues the Court regularly dealt with. That was the crowning blow, and the nomination was withdrawn.

Now, as the Court met that May Monday in 1969, some Republicans were calling for Fortas's resignation. More disturbing, from Fortas's standpoint, was the response of such Democrats as Senator Phil Hart of Michigan. Hart, who had led the floor fight for Fortas's nomination as Chief Justice, called his acceptance of the Wolfson fee "stupid" and "insensitive."

Fortas sat with his brethren through the morning's routine proceedings, keeping his feelings under characteristically tight control. Onlookers saw only a small, composed figure who looked something like Jose Ferrer, the actor who had portrayed him in a television drama depicting Gideon v. Wainwright. As a lawyer, Fortas had argued and won that historic Supreme Court case, which affirmed that indigent criminal defendants have the right to counsel.

Such achievements had burnished his reputation as a compassionate liberal. His admirers also recalled that he had risked the prestige and welfare of his law firm by defending Owen Lattimore and other accused "security risks" at the height of the McCarthy era. Fortas's detractors, on the other hand, considered him only too willing to sacrifice principles to his interests or those of his clients.

Friend and foe alike acknowledged For-

No stranger to controversy, the liberal judge had been the center of a political struggle in 1968, when he and LBJ fought a losing battle to have him named Chief Justice. Now, a year later, the stakes were even higher: Fortas was fighting to preserve his job—and his reputation.

TROUBLE

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

20 *years ago*

tas's resourcefulness, which had won the confidence of Lyndon Johnson. "I don't like the s.o.b.," a rival lawyer once said. "But if I were in trouble I'd want him on my side."

Ironically, Abe Fortas was facing just the sort of predicament he had helped others out of. And he was about to demonstrate the truth of the adage that he who serves as his own lawyer has a fool for client. On Sunday, May 4, the day the *Life* story broke, Fortas issued a statement that in the long run hurt his cause. Instead of telling all, he stressed the fact that he had returned Wolfson's money after concluding that he did not have the time to fulfill his foundation role.

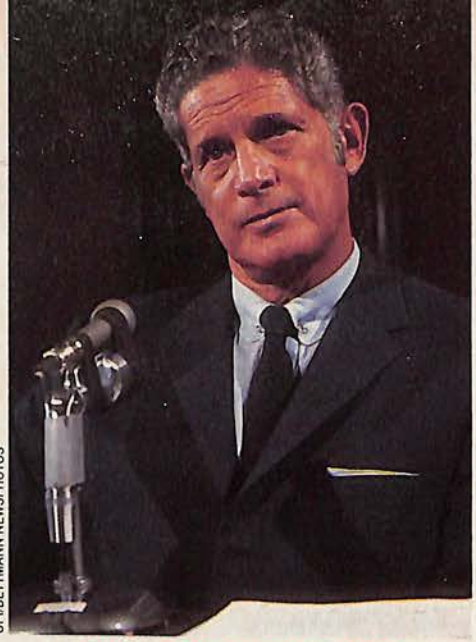
This was true, as far as it went. Indeed, William Lambert, author of the article, had pointed that out. But Fortas omitted a more disturbing fact that Lambert was not aware of: The $20,000 fee was no one-shot payment. According to the terms of the contract, it was only the first of what was intended to be a series of remittances. The foundation had agreed to pay $20,000 to Fortas every year for the rest of his life and then to Mrs. Fortas if she survived him.

In choosing not to disclose these terms, Fortas may well have thought that there was no way the arrangement could be defended. He may also have believed that no one would find out about it. Events showed him to be right on the first count and wrong on the second.

The struggle for Fortas's seat—and for control of the Court—was now under way in earnest. Fortas had to deal with the full power of the executive branch under a determined Richard Nixon. Meeting with Republican Congressional leaders, Nixon cautioned them against making the Fortas affair a partisan issue and squelched the suggestion made by the House minority leader, Gerald Ford, that impeachment hearings be initiated. What the President wanted was Fortas's resignation. The Republican leaders quickly understood that the means to that end would be provided by Nixon's close adviser, Attorney General John N. Mitchell, whom the President had pointedly summoned to this meeting.

Mitchell was asked whether the Justice Department knew more than was already public. "Yes," was all the taciturn Mitchell answered. But it was what the Republican solons needed to know. They left the Oval Office to await the denouement.

It was not long in coming. Even as Mitchell spoke, Government agents were going through the files of Wolfson's foundation. They soon unearthed the contract with its damning provisions, and Mitchell lost no time in making use of it. After first clearing his plan with the President, Mitchell took the unprecedented step of calling on Chief Justice Warren, to whom he gave a copy of the contract. When I later asked Mitchell if Warren had been shocked, Mitchell said, "I wouldn't believe that Earl Warren, at this stage of life, would be shocked about anything."



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Louis Wolfson reportedly told others that Fortas would help him out of his legal troubles.

While Warren may have pondered what action—if any—to take, the Mitchell visit was leaked to *Newsweek*'s Capitol Hill correspondent, Sam Shaffer. The magazine put the story on its cover under the line "Justice on the Spot." The magazine did not say precisely what Mitchell had told Warren, but it did report the gist of his message: "There was still more damaging material in the Fortas file—and it was sure to surface unless Fortas withdrew."

Once *Newsweek* hit the stands, a chorus of voices in both parties called for Fortas's resignation. Fortas must have realized that by sticking to his guns he could only prolong his ordeal and further embarrass the Court. On May 14—nine days after the *Life* article appeared—he submitted his resignation to the President. In an attached letter he insisted he had not interceded for Wolfson. "There has been no wrongdoing on my part," he stated. He was resigning only out of his concern for "the welfare and maximum effectiveness of the Court."

Eventually the Justice Department concluded that Fortas had not, in fact, interceded for Wolfson. "We reviewed that for quite a long time after the event," Mitchell told me. "The determination of the people in the criminal division was that there was no actual breach of the criminal statute." It now seems equally clear that neither were there grounds for impeachment. Fortas's relationship with Wolfson had had no bearing on his Court duties; Fortas had always disqualified himself from cases involving clients of his former law firm. No judge has ever been impeached in the absence of judicial misconduct or criminal behavior, and both were apparently absent here.

But there was, in my view, a broader meaning to Fortas's fall. The case was an early sign of the erosion of liberalism—the rallying philosophy of FDR, JFK and LBJ—which nowadays, as Michael Dukakis can testify, has become a possible liability. Fairly or not, the public had come to expect more of liberals like Fortas, whose rhetoric championed equal rights, fair play and the cause of the underdog. When liberals were driven by greed, as Fortas was, or arrogance, which his patron, Johnson, was often accused of, they undermined their professed principles.

Another significant aspect of the Fortas case concerns the heavy-handed tactics of the Nixon Administration in getting rid of him. Shortly before Fortas resigned, Senator Sam Ervin of North Carolina warned, "Care should be taken not to establish any precedent suggesting that the President has any power or influence to discharge a member of the judiciary from office."

In passing on its findings to Earl Warren, the Administration may have gone too far. Disregard for constitutional strictures about separation of powers foreshadowed a pattern of overreaching that culminated in Watergate, when Sam Ervin again served so eloquently as the voice of reason and defender of the rule of law.

Fortas returned to the practice of law, though not with his old firm, where some members made clear he would no longer be welcome. With the help of friends he quietly sought to re-establish his career. He succeeded to the extent that in March of 1982 he argued another case before the Supreme Court. Two weeks later he died, of a ruptured aorta, at the age of 71.

In a sense Fortas survived his difficulties better than his old nemesis, John Mitchell, who after being convicted in the Watergate scandal was imprisoned and disbarred. The point did not escape the former Attorney General, who died last fall of a heart attack.

I ran into him in Washington just after Fortas had argued at the High Court.

"Did you notice who was back at the Court the other day?" Mitchell asked me.

Yes, I said, and wondered aloud how much Fortas had been paid for his services.

"What *I'd* like to know," Mitchell said with characteristic cynicism, "is who laundered the money." ■

ROBERT SHOGAN *is national political correspondent for the* Los Angeles Times *and the author of* A Question of Judgment: The Fortas Case and the Struggle for the Supreme Court.

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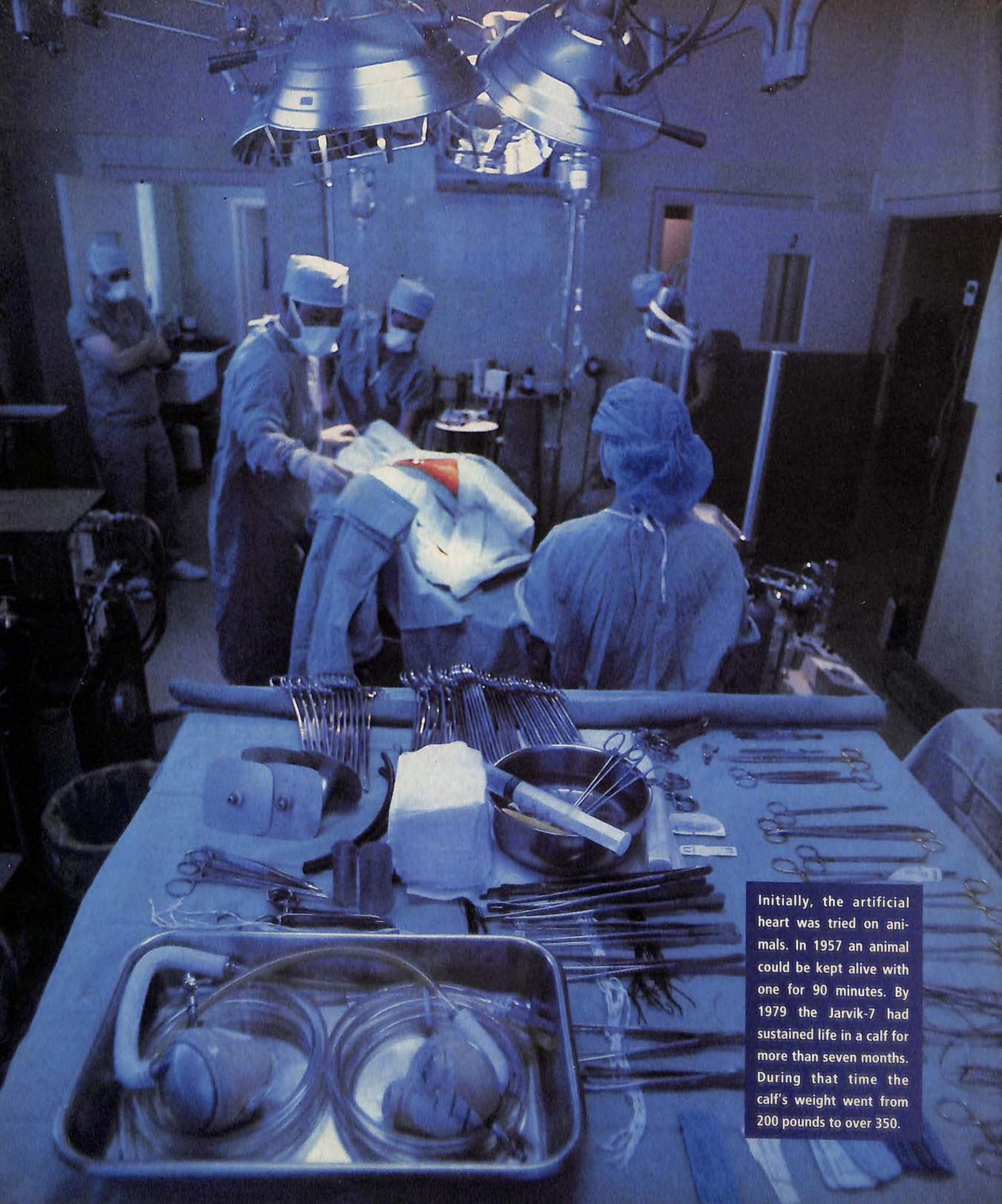


Initially, the artificial heart was tried on animals. In 1957 an animal could be kept alive with one for 90 minutes. By 1979 the Jarvik-7 had sustained life in a calf for more than seven months. During that time the calf's weight went from 200 pounds to over 350.

After years of experimentation, had science finally made a device that would do the work of the heart? Yes and no.

A Change of Heart

By John Stone, M.D.

The year is 1969, the patient Haskell Karp, a 47-year-old man with severe heart failure. His surgeons are Dr. Denton Cooley and Cooley's team at the Texas Heart Institute in Houston. Cardiac surgery to remove scarred and weakened parts of the patient's heart muscle goes smoothly enough until, near completion, it becomes clear that the man's heart cannot support his blood pressure. His chest remains open on the operating table, his life sustained only by the temporary ''heart-lung machine'' used during open-heart surgery. A dramatic decision, one that Cooley has known might become necessary, is made: First, the patient's heart is removed. Then an artificial heart is inserted.

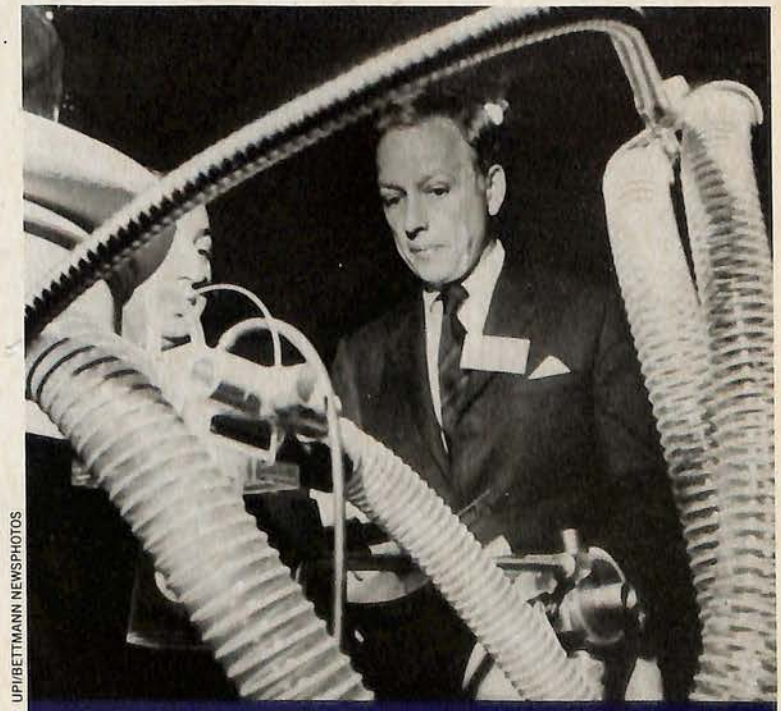
Medical history records that this early mechanical heart, designed by two Cooley team members, Drs. Domingo Liotta and C. William Hall, functioned perfectly for 64 hours, until a donor heart was found and transplanted into the patient's chest. (Heart transplants were then in their infancy; the first had been performed in Capetown, South Africa, only 16 months earlier by Dr. Christiaan Barnard.) Cooley's patient died of pneumonia 32 hours after the transplant. Still, a medical miracle had been wrought: An artificial heart had been used in a human, and it had worked.

To replace the human heart with a mechanical pump is an old dream, one shared over the decades by countless surgeons, cardiologists, engineers and others. In 1934 Dr. Michael DeBakey constructed a ''roller pump,'' initially used for rapid blood transfusions; the pump used two rollers that ''milked'' a piece of plastic tubing in one direction, causing blood to flow. (The roller pump remains the kind most commonly used in heart surgery today.) In 1953, while successfully correcting an intracardiac defect, Dr. John H. Gibbon used a heart-lung machine to take over the function of both heart and lungs, a major step in all subsequent open-heart surgery. Other devices to assist the circulation were used by DeBakey in 1967 and by Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz in 1968. And during the 1970's Dr. Robert Jarvik designed a series of artificial hearts at the University of Utah, to which Dr. Barney Clark, a Seattle dentist, came for help in 1982.

Clark's saga, with elements of heroism and tragedy, brings to mind the mythological figure of Icarus. Icarus escaped from prison by flying on wings made of feathers held together with wax. But Icarus flew too near the sun, the wax melted, and he fell into the sea and drowned. Clark's flight was to last 112 turbulent days before he, too, perished.

Clark had been an active, vigorous man. But by late 1982 he was terminally ill. In medical parlance, he was ''moribund''—literally, ''bound by death.'' His problem was heart muscle disease (which remains today the most common reason for cardiac transplantation). His heart was pumping feebly, perhaps 20 percent of normal capacity; his lungs, abdomen and legs were congested. His breath came with great difficulty. All medical interventions had failed.

Earlier in 1982 Clark had met with his cardiologist at the University of Utah, Dr. Jeffrey Anderson, and cardiac surgeon Dr. William DeVries. Clark was shown the laboratories where the Jarvik hearts were made. In the course of his many questions, he came to understand that the artificial heart was an experimental, research-orient-



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Dr. Denton Cooley was the first to insert an artificial heart inside a human patient. The heart, designed by Cooley's medical team, worked perfectly for 64 hours, keeping the patient alive until a donor heart could be found and transplanted.

STEVE NORTHUP/BLACK STAR

20 *years ago*

ed device. But both he and his physicians hoped that it might give him a longer life—and improve its quality.

Others had volunteered to receive the first "permanent" artificial heart. Several convicts on death row, for example, had asked to be the first recipients of the device, noting that the machine could simply be stopped when time for their execution arrived. Though these offers were turned down, they underscore the complex ethical issues surrounding this new technology.

Clark's surgery was done by DeVries and his team on Dec. 1, 1982, a day earlier than originally intended out of fear that he might not survive an additional 24 hours. The surgery took about eight hours. After Clark's diseased heart was removed, the Jarvik-7 was implanted. The Jarvik heart, like the one used by Cooley in 1969, was powered by compressed air. The air, pumped into the device via tubes in the patient's chest, caused a diaphragm to move and propel blood through the substitute heart; the pump filled from Clark's veins and emptied into his arteries via four artificial heart valves.

The next 16 weeks saw triumphs and tragedy, which the whole world witnessed. Clark remained tethered, like a space-walking astronaut, by the lines of his pump. Though he was never able to leave the hospital, he often appeared to be a man of heroic good cheer. In a television interview he expressed the opinion that "all in all, it's been a pleasure to be able to help people."

In spite of this brave front and his firm belief that he and his wife were "co-investigators" with the Utah research team, Clark must have undergone a great deal of suffering, both emotional and physical, during this time. His course after surgery was complicated by mental confusion that took many days to clear; seizures; pneumothorax (air in the chest cavity); valve dysfunction in the heart, which required more surgery; severe nosebleeds, which also necessitated surgery (the bleeding was made worse by medicine used to prevent clots in the machine), and finally, failure of several organs, notably the kidneys. Still, the artificial heart provided Clark with 12,912,499 beats. Like Icarus, he has entered our mythology—on imperfect wings to be sure, but for more than a little while, flying.

By 1985, DeVries had inserted the artifical heart into three other patients. The second and third recipients, William Schroeder and Murray Haydon, each survived more than a year but, like Clark, suffered major complications, particularly strokes and infections. A fourth patient survived only 10 days. During that operation, the Jarvik heart was found to be too large for the patient's chest cavity, one of the problems which contributed to his early demise.

Federal aid for artificial-heart research has been shaky, especially recently. In May 1988 the National Institutes of Health (NIH) announced a suspension of funding for research on total artificial hearts, basing its decision on the relatively poor clinical experience with these devices. Instead, funding was directed to efforts to improve "left ventricular assist devices" (LVADs), designed to boost the left ventricle of the heart (its main pumping chamber) rather than to replace the entire heart. However, in July 1988, heeding an opinion from the Government's top advisory committee for heart research, the NIH reversed its earlier decision and agreed to continue support for both devices.

LVADs are, in fact, an exciting area of research. Some of these devices are as small as an adult fist and can be inserted below the muscle layer of the abdominal wall. From that location, they function in parallel with the patient's failing heart, which remains in place. The pump fills from the patient's heart, then expels the blood into the arteries, significantly improving circulation. Should the device fail, the patient's own heart is still able to function, if only marginally. LVADs, currently being tested in several centers, could ultimately help well over 100,000 patients a year, primarily as a bridge to cardiac transplantation (an estimated 20 percent of patients awaiting transplant die before a suitable donor is found). Some patients have already been helped. In 1986, a patient in St. Louis was on an LVAD for 91 days prior to a successful transplant. Other patients who might benefit from LVADs are those with postoperative heart failure (as in Cooley's 1969 case) and those who have experienced a major heart attack with heart failure.

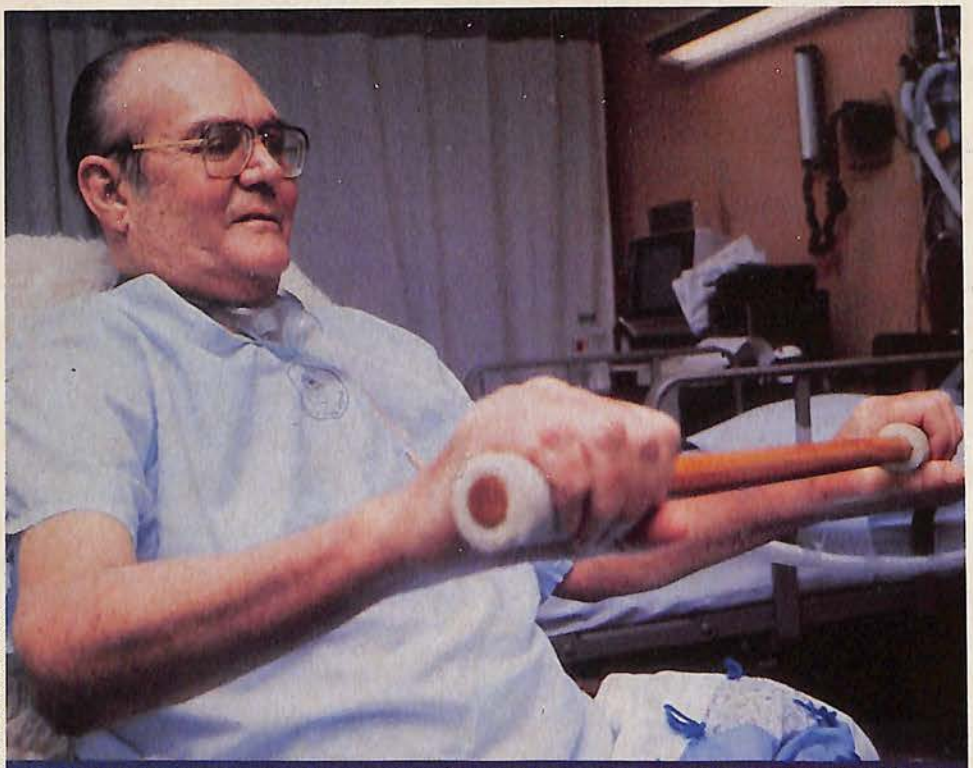
A few days after insertion of his total artificial heart in late 1982, Barney Clark sat up on the side of his bed, dangled his legs, joked with nurses and listened to a recording of Handel's *Messiah*. His wife wondered whimsically whether he might no longer love his family, since he didn't have his old heart. That afternoon I was asked by National Public Radio to comment on the heart as the "seat of the emotion" from my perspective as both cardiologist and poet. I found myself musing about the Tin Man in the movie *The Wizard of Oz*, who sang "If I Only Had a Heart." In the Emerald City, the Wizard granted him a cut-out heart.

LINDBERGH'S OTHER MISSION

Three years after his historic 1927 flight from New York to Paris, Charles Lindbergh embarked on another, now little-remembered mission. It began when a family member with pneumonia developed "lesions on the heart." When Lindbergh asked if such lesions could be removed surgically, he was told that surgery on the heart was impossible. With his mechanical aptitude, it occurred to Lindbergh that it might be possible to develop a pump that could provide circulation and allow cardiac surgery to be done. Lindbergh was soon introduced to Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute in New York. Carrel had been working on a "perfusion pump" that would allow him to keep tissues alive for study; his aims thus overlapped with those of Lindbergh, who joined Carrel's lab at Rockefeller as a volunteer. Despite Lindbergh's fame, he was able to work effectively there, supervising the construction of dozens of pumps between 1930 and 1938. The pumps could, indeed, sustain life. For example, a kidney attached to one quickly began to put out urine. Journalists dubbed the pump a "robot heart," and it was exhibited at the New York World's Fair of 1939. But the work of this unlikely pair was halted by World War II.—J.S.

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Dr. Alexis Carrel and Charles Lindbergh.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

In late 1982 Dr. Barney Clark became the first man to receive a "permanent" artificial heart. It kept him alive for 112 days, providing 12,912,499 beats.

The artificial heart is more complex, of course, and grounded less in magic than in the hard work of thousands of researchers over many decades. Is there a feasible total artificial heart on the horizon? I'll be surprised if there isn't. The clinical need is great: Thousands of patients could benefit each year from such a heart, and the number of hearts available for transplantation seems likely to remain far too limited. Current work on left ventricular assist devices is promising and gives me reason for optimism about the total artificial heart. Perhaps there is a lesson to be learned from the early work of Dr. Willem Kolff—his artificial kidney was abysmally unsuccessful in early trials but today offers hope and a reasonable quality of life to thousands of people annually.

Medical generations are shorter than genealogical ones, lasting perhaps 10 years. It seems quite likely to me that some of my colleagues' intellectual grandchildren may be poised even now to help their grandparents in ways that would seem wondrous even to a Wizard. ■

JOHN STONE *is a cardiologist at the Emory University School of Medicine and a poet whose books include* Renaming the Streets.

Heart to Heart

If mechanical hearts have been less than satisfactory to this point, dramatic progress has been made in cardiac transplantation. In fact, Dr. Norman Shumway of Stanford University recently labeled the 1980's "the decade of heart transplantation." It was Shumway who, in 1960, with Dr. Richard Lower, perfected the basic transplant operation in use today.

However, it was Dr. Christiaan Barnard of the University of Capetown, in South Africa, who performed the first two human transplants in the world. The first patient, Louis Washkansky, received the heart of a 25-year-old woman on Dec. 2, 1967. He lived only 18 days, ultimately dying of pneumonia, an infection made difficult to treat because of the drugs used to minimize the body's rejection of the heart. The following month Shumway performed the first human transplant in the United States, and he has done hundreds more since. One Shumway patient, Willem Van Buren, received his heart 19 years ago and is the longest-living survivor; it's conjectured that the tissue "match" in Van Buren's case happened to be extremely good. But his case was unusual; in the early years of cardiac transplantation, only 20 percent of the patients survived even one year. More work was needed on both rejection and infection, the two biggest medical obstacles to survival.

SCHELER/BLACK STAR

1967: Dr. Christiaan Barnard celebrates at home after performing the first human heart transplant. The patient, Louis Washkansky, lived for 18 days.

The major advances in cardiac transplantation have not been surgical but medical in nature, primarily in minimizing rejection of the new heart. One anti-rejection medication, cyclosporine, made widely available only in 1983, deserves much of the credit for current survival statistics in transplant patients: Nearly 90 percent survive at least two years after surgery, about 75 percent at least five years. In contrast, survival of similarly diseased patients who do not have transplants is less than 50 percent after four years.

In 1973 only 22 heart transplants were done. In 1987 there were 1,400. From 14,000 to 15,000 patients who could benefit from transplantation die each year in the U.S. But the number of donor hearts available is limited, perhaps 2,000 a year. This leads to ethical questions in the areas of utilization and rationing of scarce medical resources and health-care financing. Clearly, research in artificial hearts must go hand in hand with transplant research. —J.S.

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FLASHBACK

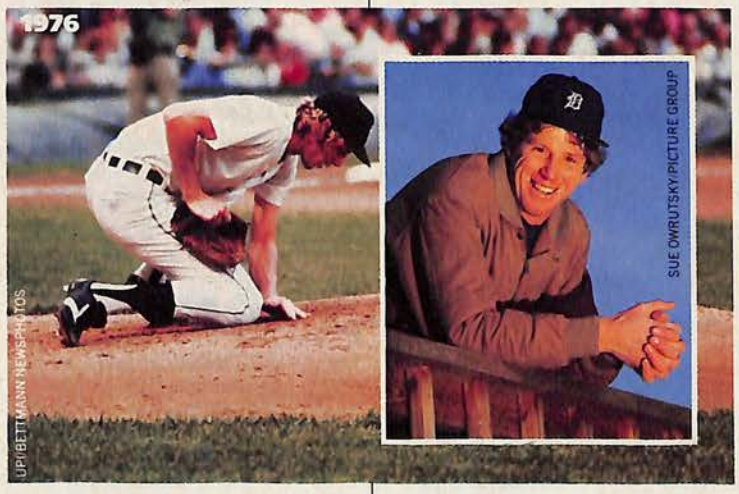
Famous for 15 Minutes

By Delphine Taylor

Edd Byrnes, 55, known for his role as the hair-combing parking attendant Kookie in the 60's TV series *'77 Sunset Strip*, is now appearing in the film *Troop Beverly Hills* with Shelley Long. Byrnes admits his coiffure is not as luxuriant as it used to be. "But," he adds, "at least I'm not wearing a piece yet!" With his role in the 1978 film *Grease* and some TV guest appearances (*Love Boat* and *Simon and Simon*), Byrnes says he's "gained a whole new generation of fans." He lives in Marina Del Rey, Calif., with son Logan, 22, and is working on a TV special called (surprise!)*'77 Sunset Strip: The Return*.

Jerold F. ter Horst, President Gerald Ford's press secretary, resigned in protest when Ford pardoned Richard Nixon in 1974. Today, at 66, he says he'd

do it again "if faced with the same situation." Ter Horst quit, he says, because he believed the pardon "created a double standard of justice, one for Mr. Nixon and one for all the other persons on his staff who were indicted." After leaving the Ford Administration, he returned to the *Detroit News*'s Washington bureau as a columnist. He published *Gerald Ford and the Future of the Presidency* in 1974 and *The Flying White House: The Story of Air Force One* in 1979. A grandfather of eight, he is currently the national public affairs director for the Ford Motor Co. in Washington and lives in Virginia with his wife.



In 1967, New Orleans District Attorney **Jim Garrison** accused businessman Clay Shaw of conspiring to assassinate President Kennedy. Dissatisfied with the Warren Commission's conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone, Garrison spent two years building his case. But when Shaw was brought to trial in 1969, the jury acquitted him in less than an hour. Shaw died in 1974. Last year Garrison published a book about the investigation, *On the Trail of the Assassins*, and in 1987 he appeared in the film *The Big Easy*, playing himself. Today Garrison, 67, is a state Court of Appeals judge in New Orleans.

Mark "The Bird" Fidrych, 34, is the former right-hander for the Detriot Tigers whose peculiar pitching style included talking to the baseball and patting the mound. After a stunning 19-9 record in 1976, The Bird's arm began to fail. In 1983 he retired from the minor-league Pawtucket (R.I.) Red Sox with a 2-5 record. He now lives on a 100-acre farm in Northboro, Mass., with his wife and 2-year-old daughter. Although he misses baseball, he says he's happy "just doing what I'm doing," driving a gravel truck. He looks forward to teaching his daughter to pitch, "if she's interested."

In a triumph of understatement, **Richard M. Dixon** (formerly James LaRoe) says, "Watergate was a real faux pas." The Nixon

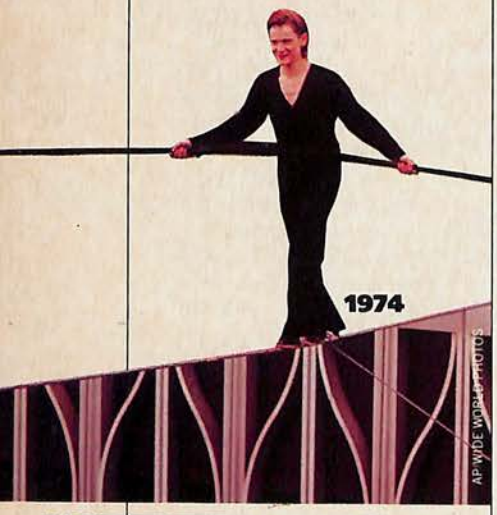
impersonator, now 60, adds, "When Nixon wouldn't talk to the press, I'd speak for him." Dixon, who calls himself a satirist and a businessman, opened a comedy club in 1973, Richard M. Dixon's White House Inn, in Massapequa, N.Y., and is now preparing to open the Richard M. Dixon Look-Alike Lounge in Manhattan. He has played Nixon in several films (*Tail Gunner Joe*) and still appears at conventions and private functions. "Talk about being typecast!" he says. "I'm nothing but a legitimate actor with a fluky face."

Verushka (Vera Lehndorff) was the top model of the late 60's. Though she still poses for the camera, she is now anything but recognizable, which is exactly the way she wants it. She has been camouflaging herself with

1969

FRANCO RUBARTELLI/COURTESY OF *VOGUE*, COPYRIGHT © 1969 BY CONDE NAST PUBS. INC.
DETAIL FROM *SIRIUS XI*, VERA LEHNDORFF AND HOLGER TRULZSCH/COURTESY OF SCOTT HANSON GALLERY

body paint since the 70's, when friend and photographer Holger Trülzsch began incorporating her into his scenes. Today, at 45, Verushka says she likes to disappear in the photographs because "we are always disappearing, until death. That's part of our life. I think through my work we can become aware of this process before we die." Verushka and Trülzsch published their work in *Verushka: Trans-figurations* (1986). Their most recent photographs were exhibited in New York this past winter.



In 1974, **Philippe Petit** took a high-wire walk between the towers of the World Trade Center 1,350 feet above the streets of New York. "After nine years of preparation and 17 hours of clandestine rigging," he says today, "it was pure elation" to be on the wire. "I expected to be shot in the leg by a guard; I expected the winds to take me to New Jersey." Since then, he has continued going to great heights, doing his thing at Niagara Falls, the Louisiana Superdome and the Sydney Harbor Bridge in Australia. Now 39, Petit is an artist-in-residence at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in Manhattan. When not preparing for an aerial performance, he writes, draws and paints. (He published a poetic treatise, *On the High Wire*, in 1985 and has exhibited his drawings of intricate knots in the cathedral's galleries.) He plans to wire-walk across the Grand Canyon and across the Seine later this year. "They will be my most incredible and magnificent walks ever," he says.

When **Nina van Pallandt** accompanied writer Clifford Irving to Mexico in 1971, where he worked on his "authorized autobiography" of Howard Hughes, she hardly expected to make the cover of *Life*. Her statement in court that she and Irving were never apart long enough for him to have interviewed Hughes helped send Irving to prison for 17 months. While he, wife Edith, and collaborator Richard Suskind served time for fraudulently taking a $750,000 advance on the book, the Danish singer/actress went to Hollywood to make movies. The most notable was *The Long Goodbye* with Elliott Gould. In 1979, she co-founded Para Los Niños, a day-care center for Latin American immigrants in Los Angeles. Today van Pallandt, 55, lives in Spain. "I am a private person now," she says. "I think I've had enough publicity to last me several lifetimes." Irving, 58 and divorced, lives in Mexico. Last year he published a novel, *Daddy's Girl*.

In 1969, **Bobby Seale**, co-founder of the radical Black Panther Party, so disrupted the trial of the so-called "Chicago Eight" that he had to be bound and gagged in the courtroom. Seale and the other defendants were accused of conspiring to incite a riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago. Though the eight were acquitted of the conspiracy charge, Seale served time for contempt of court. While in prison, he was indicted for the kidnapping and murder of a Black Panther Party member in New Haven, Conn. A six-month trial led to a deadlocked jury, and the judge dismissed the charges. Seale was released on bond in 1971 after serving 21 months in prison, and his contempt-of-court conviction was overturned on appeal. Today Seale, 52, works in student recruiting at Philadelphia's Temple University while completing graduate work in political science and African-American studies. Last year he published a cookbook, *Barbecue'n With Bobby*, and donated profits to a scholarship fund for minority students. His latest idea? A video version. "I am going to be to barbecuing," he says, "what Jane Fonda is to aerobics!"

In 1962, Texan **Billie Sol Estes** sold $24 million in mortgage papers on phony fertilizer tanks. Estes, a friend and protégé of Lyndon B. Johnson, was convicted of conspiracy to defraud and tax evasion. He served six years of a 15-year sentence. He was found guilty of similiar crimes in 1979 and served another four years. His daughter Pam defended him in her 1984 biography, *Billie Sol: King of the Wheeler-Dealers*. She believes her father was not greedy. Rather, he just "loved the game of putting a deal together." Estes, now 63, lives in the small town of Brady, Tex., where, according to Pam, he rises at 4 A.M. to collect leftovers from grocery stores to give to the poor. "He's pretty happy and at peace with himself," she says.

Robyn Smith, 43, probably the world's most famous female jockey, retired from thoroughbred racing after marrying Fred Astaire in 1980. (She was 35, he was 81; at the time of their marriage she had not seen any of his films.) Since the dancer's death in 1987, Smith has managed his estate and protected the use of his name and likeness. "I didn't realize how difficult it would be," she said last summer. "Everyone wants a piece of Fred now." She recently finished a career counseling program at U.C.L.A., where she discovered that she'd make an excellent helicopter pilot.

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Herbert Hoover circa 1930

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AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

George Bush 1988

BOB BARTOSZ

Gerald Ford 1976

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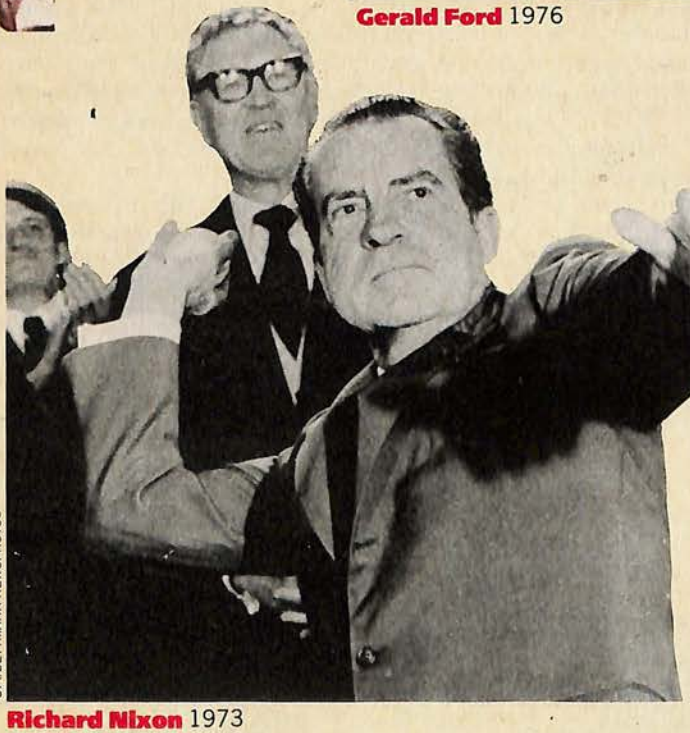
John Kennedy 1961



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

Richard Nixon 1973

William Taft 1910

CULVER PICTURES

Tutor to the Prince

By Wendy Cole

She first arrived in Japan aboard a U.S. Army transport vessel still bearing the gun turrets and gray paint of war. It was October 1946, and Elizabeth Gray Vining faced a staggering challenge. It wasn't just that she had been hired to teach a 12-year-old Japanese boy whose command of English was limited to a few simple sentences. And never mind that the tall, gracious Philadelphia Quaker had little experience as an educator, or that she didn't speak a word of Japanese.

What made the assignment so daunting was the prospect of teaching under the constant scrutiny of an entire nation. For her pupil was no ordinary schoolboy. He was heir to the Chrysanthemum Throne, Crown Prince Akihito. Six months earlier, Emperor Hirohito had announced that he wanted his eldest son to be taught the literature and customs of the Western world by an American woman. His only stipulation: that the job not be given to "a young zealous reformer who would remake the Prince in her own image."

Hirohito himself ultimately made the selection, choosing Vining over one other finalist. "That I myself might be the tutor," Vining, now 86, later recalled, "no more occurred to me than that I might fly to the moon and back on Tuesday."

Not since Anna Leonowens presented herself at the court of the King of Siam in the mid-19th century (a journey later made famous in *The King and I*) had the arrival of a foreign teacher created such a stir. For centuries the Imperial Court of Japan had been one of the most ceremoniously formal and isolated in the world, virtually impenetrable to foreign—particularly Western—influences.

Further, Hirohito's decision broke with an ancient tradition that separates Japanese princes from all female influences—even their own mothers—at an early age. On the contrary, the Emperor's Grand Steward instructed Vining, "We want you to open windows to a wider world for our Crown Prince."

Vining accepted the assignment for a 12-month term. In addition to instructing Akihito privately, she was to teach at Tokyo's Peer's School, where the Prince attended classes with 130 other children of Japanese nobility. Eventually she stayed four years and also tutored Akihito's younger brother, three of his sisters and his mother, Empress Nagako.

"I was left absolutely free," she says. "I could teach anything I chose." Her goal, she announced at the time, was "to make him a general liberal. I want him to have the right kind of convictions and the courage to stand by them."

Vining's first tutorials concentrated on the jargon of tennis, a favorite sport of Akihito's. "I drew a diagram of the court, placed a ball in it and then taught him the English words," she recalled. "But I had to do a good deal of hopping around to demonstrate the meaning of the words." The prince quickly progressed from phrases such as "what's the score?" and "serve 'em up" to books including *A Pilgrim's Progress* and *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*. Remembers Vining, "I entertained hopes that someday at a diplomatic dinner he would be able to dazzle the American ambassador by an apt quotation." (For her part, the teacher never did learn to speak much Japanese. "I got around using hand gestures and had help from interpreters," she says. "It was never a problem.")

In the classroom, Vining treated the Prince no differently from the other children. She did try to lessen the deferential attitude other students had toward Prince Akihito by encouraging all the children to call each other by the English first names she had given them. Though some parents objected, the Emperor never seemed to mind that the Crown Prince was called "Jimmy."

Despite her students' lofty background, conditions at the school were far from luxurious. There was no heat and little electricity. So Vining sent home for her ski boots. She also imported American textbooks, rejecting the Japanese books because of their sexist depictions of girls sweeping streets and doing other menial tasks.

In addition to a then comfortable salary of $2,000 a year, Vining was provided with her own 10-room, Western-style house in suburban Tokyo, several servants and a 1940 Plymouth. "Hardly a day passed without a chamberlain from the Imperial

GLOBE PHOTOS

Royal pupil and teacher: Quickly advancing from "serve 'em up" to Abe Lincoln.

Court dropping in to see if we needed anything,'' she remembers.

By the time she prepared to leave Japan, Vining had endeared herself to the entire court. She still treasures the compliment paid to her by the Emperor on her departure. ''If ever anything I did has been a success,'' he declared, ''it was asking Mrs. Vining to come here.''

Vining returned home to Philadelphia in 1950 and resumed her writing career, adding some 13 new books to the many biographies and children's stories she had written before going to Japan. Her 1952 best seller, *Windows for the Crown Prince*, described parent/teacher conferences with the Emperor and Empress, games of Monopoly with the Imperial family and holiday poetry readings at the palace. Her most recent book, *Being Seventy*, an account of one year in her life, was published in 1978.

Vining has returned to Japan several times; she was the only foreign guest at the 1959 wedding of the Crown Prince to Michiko Shoda. Some Japanese suggested that Akihito's decision to marry a commoner—in defiance of tradition—reflected the democratic principles instilled in him by his American tutor.

Now 55, Akihito has spent most of his adult life fulfilling largely ceremonial duties. He is a dedicated cellist and, like his late father, an expert in marine biology. Akihito assumed the throne last January, upon his father's death, and signaled the start of a new era in Japan. Although his duties as Emperor are still chiefly symbolic, he has the opportunity to project a peaceful face abroad, where the country's war-torn past still evokes bitter feelings and its technological achievements can inspire jealousy. Akihito's self-effacing manner and early embrace of Western traditions will set the tone for a reign dubbed ''*Heisei*'' (''Achieving Peace'') by the Japanese government.

Today Vining lives quietly in a small town southwest of Philadelphia, where she remains a devout Quaker committed to peaceful causes. She also remains one of the few outsiders ever to have gotten to know Emperor Akihito well. She will not speculate on what kind of Emperor he will make, insisting only that he will chart his own course. ''I never tried to influence him to be a particular kind of leader,'' she says. ''I tried to set him free to be his own man.'' Was she successful? ''Let's just say [he] will not be a carbon copy of his father,'' says Vining with a laugh. ''He wasn't hidden away as much as his father was.'' ■

A former associate editor of the Tokyo Journal, WENDY COLE *is now a reporter at* Time.

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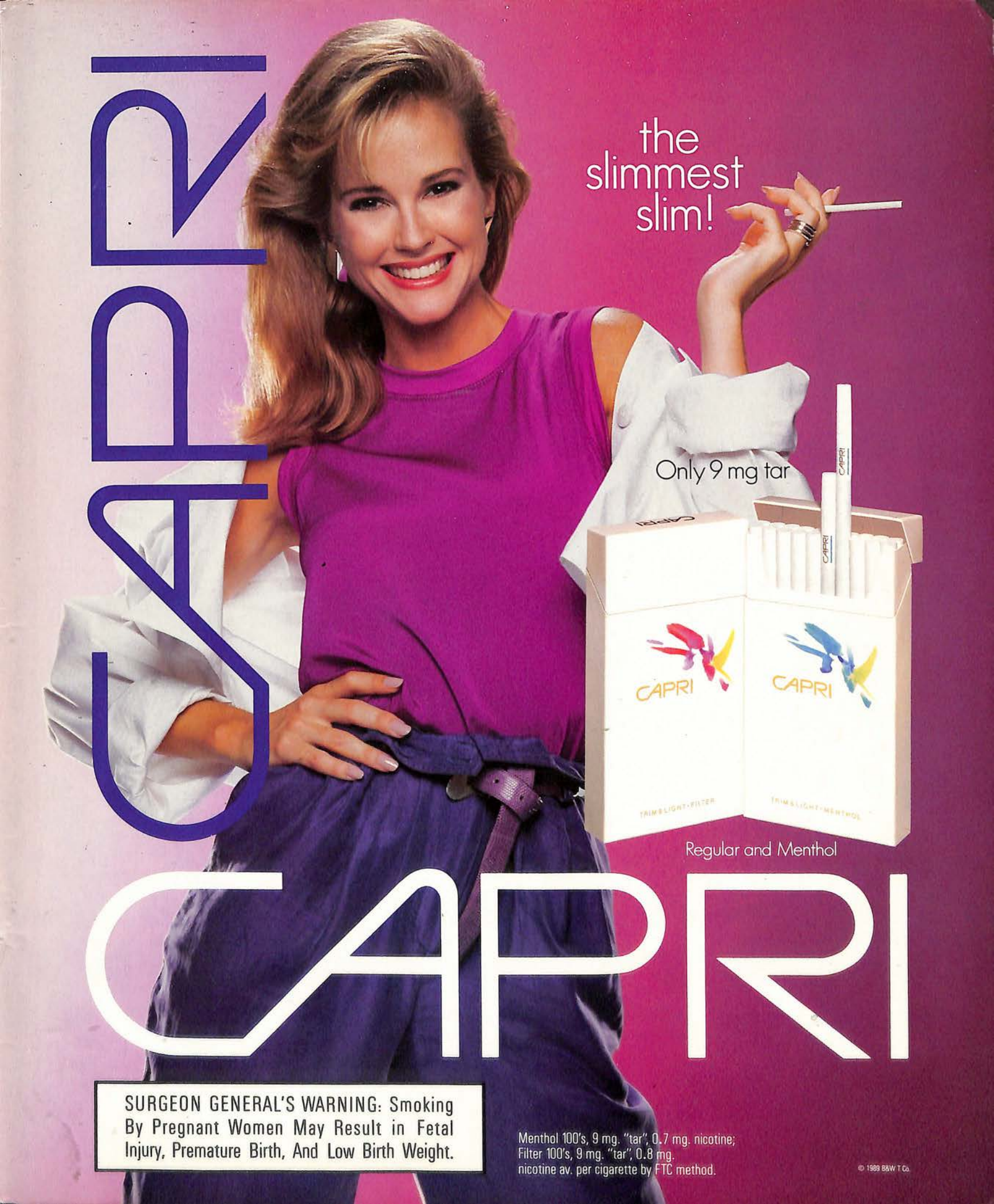
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